

MUSEMENTS—
With Dates of Events.
NEW LOS ANGELES THEATER—
C. M. WOOD, Lessee. H. C. WYATT, Manager.
THE SOCIETY EVENT.
Five Nights Only, Beginning Tuesday, January 5.
Sadie Martinot, AMERICA'S GREATEST COMEDienne, SUPPORTED BY MAX FISHMAN AND A COMPANY OF UNUSUAL EXCELLENCE, IN
"THE PASSPORT."
The biggest comedy success in 30 years. Read what the San Francisco papers say: "Chronicle:—Nothing in the line of society comedy so entirely delightful since 'The Senator.'—Examiner:—Full of charms. Brought up into the light of comedy." Bulletin:—A brilliant acting success. The best all round comedy of this decade."
MATINEE SATURDAY. Seats on sale Friday, Jan. 4, at 2 p.m.
Regular Prices—\$1.00, 75c, 50c, and 25c.

BURBANK THEATER—
FRED A. COOPER, Manager.
THE EVENT OF THE SEASON..
WEEK COMMENCING SUNDAY, JAN. 6, MATINEE SATURDAY.
SPECIAL ENGAGEMENT OF THE
DISTINGUISHED MAGNETIC ARTISTE,
... MISS ...
Jeffreys Lewis
IN BELASCO'S GREATEST PLAY,
"LA BELLE RUSSE"
SUPPORTED BY THE ENTIRE COOPER COMPANY,
AUGMENTED AND STRENGTHENED FOR THIS OCCASION.
No Advance in Prices.
Orchestra.....50 cts. Dress and Family Circle..30 cts.
Balcony.....20 cts. Gallery.....15 cts.
Loges.....50 cts. Box Seats.....75 cts.
Next Week JEFFREYS LEWIS IN...
"FORGET ME NOT."
ORPHEUM—
(Formerly Grand Operahouse.)
S. MAIN ST. BET. FIRST AND SECOND.
LOS ANGELES SOCIETY VAUDEVILLE THEATER.
In conjunction with the San Francisco Orpheum.
Matinee Today, Sunday.
25c TO ANY PART OF THE HOUSE; CHILDREN 10c
SINGLE BOX AND LOGE SEATS 50c.
To see the greatest show ever presented in this city.
EVERY ARTIST A STAR.
"CALCICO," PRICE AND LLOYD,
M'CARTHY & REYNOLDS, GEORGE EVANS,
O. K. SATO, THOMAS AND WELCH,
ALICE RAYMOND, Big "FOUR" Big.
Performances Every Evening including Sunday; Matinee Saturday and Sunday.
Evening Prices—Parquette, 50c; Family Circle, 25c; Gallery 10c; Single Box Seat and Loge Seats 75c.

MILLIE CHRISTINE,
THE CAROLINA TWIN.
Every Afternoon and Evening.
SEE HER! SEE HER! SEE HER!
THIRD STREET, NEAR SPRING.
MISCELLANEOUS.
A Twenty-dollar Gold Piece
FOR TEN DOLLARS!
That's about it. For we have left with us on sale a
A FIRST-CLASS PIANO.
To be sold at half-price; must be sold this week, however. To be seen at
BARTLETT'S MUSIC HOUSE, 100 N. Spring St.

PHYSICIANS—
With Dates and Departures.
DR. WM. DAWSON, VITAPHOTO PHYSICIAN: 10 years' practice in this city; treats by the new international system of electrical therapeutics, with the latest improved batteries and appliances skillfully applied, and the results are truly miraculous; therefore he can treat the most delicate patient from day to day and give them strength from each application; chronic nervous and all blood diseases cured by this new system; anti-synthetic magnetic come vital compound; first-class bath; the only bath of its kind in California; see sworn statements at office, 349 S. BROADWAY; consultation free.
DR. J. ADAMS, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON: in charge of medical and surgical dispensary; chronic diseases a specialty; special attention given to the treatment of all female diseases, both medical and surgical. Office hours, 10 a.m. to 12 m., 2 to 6 p.m. Office, 330 N. MAIN, opp. St. Elmo Hotel.
DR. EDWARD J. HADFIELD, LATE OF Philadelphia, physician and surgeon, Broadway building, rooms 210-211; hours 10 to 12, 2 to 4, 7 to 8. Special attention given to diseases of nose, throat, chest and all chronic diseases; consultation free.
DR. REBECCA LEE DORSEY, ROOMS 129, 131, 133, 135, 137, 139, 141, 143, 145, 147, 149, 151, 153, 155, 157, 159, 161, 163, 165, 167, 169, 171, 173, 175, 177, 179, 181, 183, 185, 187, 189, 191, 193, 195, 197, 199, 201, 203, 205, 207, 209, 211, 213, 215, 217, 219, 221, 223, 225, 227, 229, 231, 233, 235, 237, 239, 241, 243, 245, 247, 249, 251, 253, 255, 257, 259, 261, 263, 265, 267, 269, 271, 273, 275, 277, 279, 281, 283, 285, 287, 289, 291, 293, 295, 297, 299, 301, 303, 305, 307, 309, 311, 313, 315, 317, 319, 321, 323, 325, 327, 329, 331, 333, 335, 337, 339, 341, 343, 345, 347, 349, 351, 353, 355, 357, 359, 361, 363, 365, 367, 369, 371, 373, 375, 377, 379, 381, 383, 385, 387, 389, 391, 393, 395, 397, 399, 401, 403, 405, 407, 409, 411, 413, 415, 417, 419, 421, 423, 425, 427, 429, 431, 433, 435, 437, 439, 441, 443, 445, 447, 449, 451, 453, 455, 457, 459, 461, 463, 465, 467, 469, 471, 473, 475, 477, 479, 481, 483, 485, 487, 489, 491, 493, 495, 497, 499, 501, 503, 505, 507, 509, 511, 513, 515, 517, 519, 521, 523, 525, 527, 529, 531, 533, 535, 537, 539, 541, 543, 545, 547, 549, 551, 553, 555, 557, 559, 561, 563, 565, 567, 569, 571, 573, 575, 577, 579, 581, 583, 585, 587, 589, 591, 593, 595, 597, 599, 601, 603, 605, 607, 609, 611, 613, 615, 617, 619, 621, 623, 625, 627, 629, 631, 633, 635, 637, 639, 641, 643, 645, 647, 649, 651, 653, 655, 657, 659, 661, 663, 665, 667, 669, 671, 673, 675, 677, 679, 681, 683, 685, 687, 689, 691, 693, 695, 697, 699, 701, 703, 705, 707, 709, 711, 713, 715, 717, 719, 721, 723, 725, 727, 729, 731, 733, 735, 737, 739, 741, 743, 745, 747, 749, 751, 753, 755, 757, 759, 761, 763, 765, 767, 769, 771, 773, 775, 777, 779, 781, 783, 785, 787, 789, 791, 793, 795, 797, 799, 801, 803, 805, 807, 809, 811, 813, 815, 817, 819, 821, 823, 825, 827, 829, 831, 833, 835, 837, 839, 841, 843, 845, 847, 849, 851, 853, 855, 857, 859, 861, 863, 865, 867, 869, 871, 873, 875, 877, 879, 881, 883, 885, 887, 889, 891, 893, 895, 897, 899, 901, 903, 905, 907, 909, 911, 913, 915, 917, 919, 921, 923, 925, 927, 929, 931, 933, 935, 937, 939, 941, 943, 945, 947, 949, 951, 953, 955, 957, 959, 961, 963, 965, 967, 969, 971, 973, 975, 977, 979, 981, 983, 985, 987, 989, 991, 993, 995, 997, 999, 1001, 1003, 1005, 1007, 1009, 1011, 1013, 1015, 1017, 1019, 1021, 1023, 1025, 1027, 1029, 1031, 1033, 1035, 1037, 1039, 1041, 1043, 1045, 1047, 1049, 1051, 1053, 1055, 1057, 1059, 1061, 1063, 1065, 1067, 1069, 1071, 1073, 1075, 1077, 1079, 1081, 1083, 1085, 1087, 1089, 1091, 1093, 1095, 1097, 1099, 1101, 1103, 1105, 1107, 1109, 1111, 1113, 1115, 1117, 1119, 1121, 1123, 1125, 1127, 1129, 1131, 1133, 1135, 1137, 1139, 1141, 1143, 1145, 1147, 1149, 1151, 1153, 1155, 1157, 1159, 1161, 1163, 1165, 1167, 1169, 1171, 1173, 1175, 1177, 1179, 1181, 1183, 1185, 1187, 1189, 1191, 1193, 1195, 1197, 1199, 1201, 1203, 1205, 1207, 1209, 1211, 1213, 1215, 1217, 1219, 1221, 1223, 1225, 1227, 1229, 1231, 1233, 1235, 1237, 1239, 1241, 1243, 1245, 1247, 1249, 1251, 1253, 1255, 1257, 1259, 1261, 1263, 1265, 1267, 1269, 1271, 1273, 1275, 1277, 1279, 1281, 1283, 1285, 1287, 1289, 1291, 1293, 1295, 1297, 1299, 1301, 1303, 1305, 1307, 1309, 1311, 1313, 1315, 1317, 1319, 1321, 1323, 1325, 1327, 1329, 1331, 1333, 1335, 1337, 1339, 1341, 1343, 1345, 1347, 1349, 1351, 1353, 1355, 1357, 1359, 1361, 1363, 1365, 1367, 1369, 1371, 1373, 1375, 1377, 1379, 1381, 1383, 1385, 1387, 1389, 1391, 1393, 1395, 1397, 1399, 1401, 1403, 1405, 1407, 1409, 1411, 1413, 1415, 1417, 1419, 1421, 1423, 1425, 1427, 1429, 1431, 1433, 1435, 1437, 1439, 1441, 1443, 1445, 1447, 1449, 1451, 1453, 1455, 1457, 1459, 1461, 1463, 1465, 1467, 1469, 1471, 1473, 1475, 1477, 1479, 1481, 1483, 1485, 1487, 1489, 1491, 1493, 1495, 1497, 1499, 1501, 1503, 1505, 1507, 1509, 1511, 1513, 1515, 1517, 1519, 1521, 1523, 1525, 1527, 1529, 1531, 1533, 1535, 1537, 1539, 1541, 1543, 1545, 1547, 1549, 1551, 1553, 1555, 1557, 1559, 1561, 1563, 1565, 1567, 1569, 1571, 1573, 1575, 1577, 1579, 1581, 1583, 1585, 1587, 1589, 1591, 1593, 1595, 1597, 1599, 1601, 1603, 1605, 1607, 1609, 1611, 1613, 1615, 1617, 1619, 1621, 1623, 1625, 1627, 1629, 1631, 1633, 1635, 1637, 1639, 1641, 1643, 1645, 1647, 1649, 1651, 1653, 1655, 1657, 1659, 1661, 1663, 1665, 1667, 1669, 1671, 1673, 1675, 1677, 1679, 1681, 1683, 1685, 1687, 1689, 1691, 1693, 1695, 1697, 1699, 1701, 1703, 1705, 1707, 1709, 1711, 1713, 1715, 1717, 1719, 1721, 1723, 1725, 1727, 1729, 1731, 1733, 1735, 1737, 1739, 1741, 1743, 1745, 1747, 1749, 1751, 1753, 1755, 1757, 1759, 1761, 1763, 1765, 1767, 1769, 1771, 1773, 1775, 1777, 1779, 1781, 1783, 1785, 1787, 1789, 1791, 1793, 1795, 1797, 1799, 1801, 1803, 1805, 1807, 1809, 1811, 1813, 1815, 1817, 1819, 1821, 1823, 1825, 1827, 1829, 1831, 1833, 1835, 1837, 1839, 1841, 1843, 1845, 1847, 1849, 1851, 1853, 1855, 1857, 1859, 1861, 1863, 1865, 1867, 1869, 1871, 1873, 1875, 1877, 1879, 1881, 1883, 1885, 1887, 1889, 1891, 1893, 1895, 1897, 1899, 1901, 1903, 1905, 1907, 1909, 1911, 1913, 1915, 1917, 1919, 1921, 1923, 1925, 1927, 1929, 1931, 1933, 1935, 1937, 1939, 1941, 1943, 1945, 1947, 1949, 1951, 1953, 1955, 1957, 1959, 1961, 1963, 1965, 1967, 1969, 1971, 1973, 1975, 1977, 1979, 1981, 1983, 1985, 1987, 1989, 1991, 1993, 1995, 1997, 1999, 2001, 2003, 2005, 2007, 2009, 2011, 2013, 2015, 2017, 2019, 2021, 2023, 2025, 2027, 2029, 2031, 2033, 2035, 2037, 2039, 2041, 2043, 2045, 2047, 2049, 2051, 2053, 2055, 2057, 2059, 2061, 2063, 2065, 2067, 2069, 2071, 2073, 2075, 2077, 2079, 2081, 2083, 2085, 2087, 2089, 2091, 2093, 2095, 2097, 2099, 2101, 2103, 2105, 2107, 2109, 2111, 2113, 2115, 2117, 2119, 2121, 2123, 2125, 2127, 2129, 2131, 2133, 2135, 2137, 2139, 2141, 2143, 2145, 2147, 2149, 2151, 2153, 2155, 2157, 2159, 2161, 2163, 2165, 2167, 2169, 2171, 2173, 2175, 2177, 2179, 2181, 2183, 2185, 2187, 2189, 2191, 2193, 2195, 2197, 2199, 2201, 2203, 2205, 2207, 2209, 2211, 2213, 2215, 2217, 2219, 2221, 2223, 2225, 2227, 2229, 2231, 2233, 2235, 2237, 2239, 2241, 2243, 2245, 2247, 2249, 2251, 2253, 2255, 2257, 2259, 2261, 2263, 2265, 2267, 2269, 2271, 2273, 2275, 2277, 2279, 2281, 2283, 2285, 2287, 2289, 2291, 2293, 2295, 2297, 2299, 2301, 2303, 2305, 2307, 2309, 2311, 2313, 2315, 2317, 2319, 2321, 2323, 2325, 2327, 2329, 2331, 2333, 2335, 2337, 2339, 2341, 2343, 2345, 2347, 2349, 2351, 2353, 2355, 2357, 2359, 2361, 2363, 2365, 2367, 2369, 2371, 2373, 2375, 2377, 2379, 2381, 2383, 2385, 2387, 2389, 2391, 2393, 2395, 2397, 2399, 2401, 2403, 2405, 2407, 2409, 2411, 2413, 2415, 2417, 2419, 2421, 2423, 2425, 2427, 2429, 2431, 2433, 2435, 2437, 2439, 2441, 2443, 2445, 2447, 2449, 2451, 2453, 2455, 2457, 2459, 2461, 2463, 2465, 2467, 2469, 2471, 2473, 2475, 2477, 2479, 2481, 2483, 2485, 2487, 2489, 2491, 2493, 2495, 2497, 2499, 2501, 2503, 2505, 2507, 2509, 2511, 2513, 2515, 2517, 2519, 2521, 2523, 2525, 2527, 2529, 2531, 2533, 2535, 2537, 2539, 2541, 2543, 2545, 2547, 2549, 2551, 2553, 2555, 2557, 2559, 2561, 2563, 2565, 2567, 2569, 2571, 2573, 2575, 2577, 2579, 2581, 2583, 2585, 2587, 2589, 2591, 2593, 2595, 2597, 2599, 2601, 2603, 2605, 2607, 2609, 2611, 2613, 2615, 2617, 2619, 2621, 2623, 2625, 2627, 2629, 2631, 2633, 2635, 2637, 2639, 2641, 2643, 2645, 2647, 2649, 2651, 2653, 2655, 2657, 2659, 2661, 2663, 2665, 2667, 2669, 2671, 2673, 2675, 2677, 2679, 2681, 2683, 2685, 2687, 2689, 2691, 2693, 2695, 2697, 2699, 2701, 2703, 2705, 2707, 2709, 2711, 2713, 2715, 2717, 2719, 2721, 2723, 2725, 2727, 2729, 2731, 2733, 2735, 2737, 2739, 2741, 2743, 2745, 2747, 2749, 2751, 2753, 2755, 2757, 2759, 2761, 2763, 2765, 2767, 2769, 2771, 2773, 2775, 2777, 2779, 2781, 2783, 2785, 2787, 2789, 2791, 2793, 2795, 2797, 2799, 2801, 2803, 2805, 2807, 2809, 2811, 2813, 2815, 2817, 2819, 2821, 2823, 2825, 2827, 2829, 2831, 2833, 2835, 2837, 2839, 2841, 2843, 2845, 2847, 2849, 2851, 2853, 2855, 2857, 2859, 2861, 2863, 2865, 2867, 2869, 2871, 2873, 2875, 2877, 2879, 2881, 2883, 2885, 2887, 2889, 2891, 2893, 2895, 2897, 2899, 2901, 2903, 2905, 2907, 2909, 2911, 2913, 2915, 2917, 2919, 2921, 2923, 2925, 2927, 2929, 2931, 2933, 2935, 2937, 2939, 2941, 2943, 2945, 2947, 2949, 2951, 2953, 2955, 2957, 2959, 2961, 2963, 2965, 2967, 2969, 2971, 2973, 2975, 2977, 2979, 2981, 2983, 2985, 2987, 2989, 2991, 2993, 2995, 2997, 2999, 3001, 3003, 3005, 3007, 3009, 3011, 3013, 3015, 3017, 3019, 3021, 3023, 3025, 3027, 3029, 3031, 3033, 3035, 3037, 3039, 3041, 3043, 3045, 3047, 3049, 3051, 3053, 3055, 3057, 3059, 3061, 3063, 3065, 3067, 3069, 3071, 3073, 3075, 3077, 3079, 3081, 3083, 3085, 3087, 3089, 3091, 3093, 3095, 3097, 3099, 3101, 3103, 3105, 3107, 3109, 3111, 3113, 3115, 3117, 3119, 3121, 3123, 3125, 3127, 3129, 3131, 3133, 3135, 3137, 3139, 3141, 3143, 3145, 3147, 3149, 3151, 3153, 3155, 3157, 3159, 3161, 3163, 3165, 3167, 3169, 3171, 3173, 3175, 3177, 3179, 3181, 3183, 3185, 3187, 3189, 3191, 3193, 3195, 3197, 3199, 3201, 3203, 3205, 3207, 3209, 3211, 3213, 3215, 3217, 3219, 3221, 3223, 3225, 3227, 3229, 3231, 3233, 3235, 3237, 3239, 3241, 3243, 3245, 3247, 3249, 3251, 3253, 3255, 3257, 3259, 3261, 3263, 3265, 3267, 3269, 3271, 3273, 3275, 3277, 3279, 3281, 3283, 3285, 3287, 3289, 3291, 3293, 3295, 3297, 3299, 3301, 3303, 3305, 3307, 3309, 3311, 3313, 3315, 3317, 3319, 3321, 3323, 3325, 3327, 3329, 3331, 3333, 3335, 3337, 3339, 3341, 3343, 3345, 3347, 3349, 3351, 3353, 3355, 3357, 3359, 3361, 3363, 3365, 3367, 3369, 3371, 3373, 3375, 3377, 3379, 3381, 3383, 3385, 3387, 3389, 3391, 3393, 3395, 3397, 3399, 3401, 3403, 3405, 3407, 3409, 3411, 3413, 3415, 3417, 3419, 3421, 3423, 3425, 3427, 3429, 3431, 3433, 3435, 3437, 3439, 3441, 3443, 3445, 3447, 3449, 3451, 3453, 3455, 3457, 3459, 3461, 3463, 3465, 3467, 3469, 3471, 3473, 3475, 3477, 3479, 3481, 3483, 3485, 3487, 3489, 3491, 3493, 3495, 3497, 3499, 3501, 3503, 3505, 3507, 3509, 3511, 3513, 3515, 3517, 3519, 3521, 3523, 3525, 3527, 3529, 3531, 3533, 3535, 3537, 3539, 3541, 3543, 3545, 3547, 3549, 3551, 3553, 3555, 3557, 3559, 3561, 3563, 3565, 3567, 3569, 3571, 3573, 3575, 3577, 3579, 3581, 3583, 3585, 3587, 3589, 3591, 3593, 3595, 3597, 3599, 3601, 3603, 3605, 3607, 3609, 3611, 3613, 3615, 3617, 3619, 3621, 3623, 3625, 3627, 3629, 3631, 3633, 3635, 3637, 3639, 3641, 3643, 3645, 3647, 3649, 3651, 3653, 3655, 3657, 3659, 3661, 3663, 3665, 3667, 3669, 3671, 3673, 3675, 3677, 3679, 3681, 3683, 3685, 3687, 3689, 3691, 3693, 3695, 3697, 3699, 3701, 3703, 3705, 3707, 3709, 3711, 3713, 3715, 3717, 3719, 3721, 3723, 3725, 3727, 3729, 3731, 3733, 3735, 3737, 3739, 3741, 3743, 3745, 3747, 3749, 3751, 3753, 3755, 3757, 3759, 3761, 3763, 3765, 3767, 3769, 3771, 3773, 3775, 3777, 3779, 3781, 3783, 3785, 3787, 3789, 3791, 3793, 3795, 3797, 3799, 3801, 3803, 3805, 3807, 3809, 3811, 3813, 3815, 3817, 3819, 3821, 3823, 3825, 3827, 3829, 3831, 3833, 3835, 3837, 3839, 3841, 3843, 3845, 3847, 3849, 3851, 3853, 3855, 3857, 3859, 3861, 3863, 3865, 3867, 3869, 3871, 3873, 3875, 3877, 3879, 3881, 3883, 3

A PIRATE'S BOOTY.

Treasure-hunters Besiege
Cocos Island.Capt. Giesler Again in Search of
Buccaneer Morgan's Buried Wealth.The Daring Navigator Secures a
Concession from Costa Rica to
Colonize the Spot—A Hazardous Experiment.

By Telegraph to The Times.

SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 5.—(Special Dispatch.) Capt. Giesler, the daring navigator, who traversed many thousands of miles on the Pacific in a little sloop, has again turned up in the role of a treasure-hunter. With a small party of Germans he left Panama a month ago, on the steamer Costa Rica, for Cocos Island, where the famous treasure of "Pirate" Morgan is supposed to have been buried for twenty-five years.

Several expeditions have been fitted out from this Coast, in quest of the treasure, but for none the voyage of Capt. Giesler is without precedent. With a crew of two he made the trip from San Francisco to Cocos Island. He spent some time ashore, but one man died, and Giesler put out for Costa Rica. Arriving there, he secured a concession from the President to colonize the island. The colonizing party consists of eleven people. They left New York, November 30. The party will remain on Cocos Island for about six months. The Costa Rica made a special trip to the island, and will return for the adventurers in the summer. Giesler carried away about forty tons of provisions and supplies, and the party is going to make a thorough search of the island.

Giesler first came to the Coast ten or twelve years ago, and on the voyage put into Panama for water. While there he met an old Spanish woman, who claimed that Morgan was an ancestor, and she told him of the buried treasure, described the island and gave the captain a chart, showing the exact location of the hidden booty. About two years ago, he chartered the sloop Halcyon and started off from Stockton. He was nearly wrecked in the Gulf of California, but finally reached his destination, where he remained until his stores gave out, and one of the crew died. With one man, he went over to Punta Arenas, and there got the concession to establish a colony on Cocos.

The situation of the colony is novel. They are hundreds of miles from civilization, and they have only a little boat, which could not live in the ocean, and if the Costa Rica should forget to go back in six months, they would be practically dead to the world.

Carried off the Safe.

DES MOINES, Jan. 5.—While the north-bound passenger train on the Rock Island was standing at the Coon Valley mines, six miles south of here, last night and the messenger, Frank Larrode, was outside his car, robbers carried off the heavy steel safe containing \$216 and a valuable package. Half an hour later the safe was found a short distance away unopened, the robbers having become frightened.

CONGRESS.

(Continued from first page.)

ultimately, after all, be measured by the universal standard.

Mr. Hutchinson of Texas inquired if the notes of a bank were based upon the notes of a farmer wherein it was better than the farmer's note, and Mr. Cockran replied, because commerce would accept it, the hand of the government had been disastrous to commerce and he was appealing to the House to turn back to sound principles where money was based on property. All that banking meant was to increase the capital that could be used in commerce.

"I am opposed to any tax on currency," he replied to a question concerning the 10 per cent. on State bank issues. "It is like taxing blood, taxing the speed of a locomotive. It would be to tax everything valuable to retard progress."

As the pending bill, so far as it provided that money should be based on property it was sound, but its provisions would nullify its object. If it became a law, it would be a monument to the folly of the Congress which followed the Sherman act by another makeshift. While the greenback had its use and the greenbacker was unjustly characterized as a crank, these bills had served their proper functions and should be taken out of the currency system.

There was a sharp and amusing exchange of words between Mr. Cockran and Mr. Boutelle of Maine, as the former spoke of the McKinley law and a defective financial system as the cause of the panic last year. Mr. Cockran's reference to the McKinley law was greeted with derisive laughter on the Republican side. Mr. Boutelle remarked that at the last election the people did not endorse the views of Mr. Cockran as to the McKinley law.

"I have my own views," said Mr. Cockran, "as to the results of last election. I do not think the Democratic party was in that canvass."

In response to a question Mr. Cockran said he favored the Baltimore plan in its entirety.

Mr. Henderson of Illinois asked if the pressing question was not how to pay the running expenses of the government. "That is the question, but not all the question. It is a very serious position which makes any trade dependent on the solvency of the treasury, and what I am seeking is a system that will divorce commerce from the government."

In closing Mr. Cockran drew a picture of the advancement of business, industry, science and the arts under a regime in which the money of the people was placed on a sound basis.

Mr. Cockran said the upshot of Mr. Cockran's speech was to adopt the Baltimore plan and thus turn his back on the treasury, leaving it to take care of itself.

The purpose of the bill was to provide the people with a more abundant and elastic currency and to relieve the treasury by retiring the large proportion of outstanding greenbacks. In discussing the probable effect of the Carlisle bill, Mr. Catchings said the outstanding certificates would be changed for those of smaller denominations to satisfy the need for small money. It would follow that the bullion in the treasury would be coined, and a smaller percentage of customs duties paid in silver.

The key to the position was that, under the Baltimore plan the government would be made to stand sponsor for the notes of the bank while it would not be under the pending bill. The superiority of the Carlisle plan over the Baltimore plan was that it contemplated ultimate retirement of government notes, while the latter had no object but the profit of its framers.

Mr. Catchings spoke in support of the soundness of the State banks. At the close of his speech the House voted not to concur in the Senate amendments to the McKinley bill.

Hays Appropriation Bill and then, at 5:30 o'clock, adjourned.

THAT SUGAR TAX.

IT IS NOT THE SWEET THING IT
SEEMS TO BE.The Administration is Much Con-
cerned by the Action of Foreign
Countries—The Protest of
Austria.

Associated Press Leased-Wire Service.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 5.—The protest of Austria against the American discriminating duty on sugar, supplementing, as it does, similar action by Germany, is giving the administration grave concern. An evidence of this was a conference today lasting about an hour, between Secretary Gresham, Secretary Carlisle and Attorney General Olney.

Secretary Gresham is concerned in the subject from a diplomatic point of view; Secretary Carlisle is interested in the duty of the government and upon the Avenue of possible retaliation upon the revenues of the government. It is giving an opinion of the legality of the proposed movement of the government. The Austrian Minister undertakes to show in the first place that the imposition of a differential duty of one-tenth of 1 cent per pound on Austrian sugar is in violation of article 3 of the treaty of 1829 between the United States and Austria-Hungary. It is asserted that the exchange of notes preceding the reciprocity agreement under the McKinley act established a basis of commercial relations and that Austria-Hungary conceded to the United States the same reduction on her sugar as the United States conceded to other countries, under what is known as the most favored nation clause.

The Austrian Minister also shows that the assessment of a bounty upon sugar produced in Austria is not the act of the imperial government, but is entirely a provincial affair and so corresponds to the independent action of any of our States. Inasmuch as the bounty system of Austria differs from Germany, it was contended that the same construction which put the differential tariff on German sugar did not apply to Austrian sugar. But when this question came formally before Secretary Carlisle upon an inquiry from the Collector of Customs at Baltimore the Secretary disposed of the contention in the following words, in a letter dated August 31 last:

"The department is in receipt of your letter of the 18th inst., in which you request to be informed that the former countries grant direct or indirect bounty on sugar. In reply, I have to state that Germany and Austria-Hungary grant by law direct bounties on sugar, and that under the operations of the law of France, Belgium, Denmark and the Netherlands, providing for remission of the internal revenue taxes on beets used in the production of exported sugar, indirect bounties may apparently be earned by the exporters."

This letter not only disposed of Germany and Austria, but held subject to additional taxes, sugars coming from four other European countries. It may be more than a coincidence that each of these four countries has begun the application of restrictions upon the importation of American cattle or other food products. The whole situation is made more grave by the belief, which is entertained by the administration, that it is well-nigh hopeless to appeal to Congress for aid. If it is finally held by the administration that the sugar duty is a discriminating duty, there will probably be another appeal to Congress to repeal it, but if it is held to be a fair tax, and not in contravention of the favored-nation clause, the case probably will be one requiring simple executive action.

The figures collected by the Treasury Department bearing upon the subject show

that during the past fiscal year the imports of beet-root sugar into the United States from Europe, amounted in value to \$15,781,000. The principal sources first in the list, with \$11,063,000; Belgium comes second, with \$2,377,000; Austria, third, with \$1,412,785; France, fourth, with \$422,000, and the Netherlands fifth, with \$238,700. All of this sugar came into the United States last year duty free, and it is contended that the effect of the differential of one-tenth of 1 per cent. per pound, in addition to the duty of 40 per cent., levied on all sugar, will be to prohibit the traffic.

OTHER DISTURBING ELEMENTS.

There are, it is learned, other disturbing elements entering into our relation with continental European powers, which undoubtedly have had the effect to stimulate the retaliatory policy adopted by them. One of these, discussed at this morning's conference, was the status of the agents of this government stationed in Europe, to carry out the quarantine laws, when there seemed to be great danger of the introduction of cholera into the United States last summer. Medical officers were placed at the duty of 40 per cent., levied on all sugar, will be to prohibit the traffic.

The French government protested against the presence of our medical representatives. Germany did not do so at that time, but resented the presence on their soil of the agents of foreign governments, who were not clothed with diplomatic power. In the end the Germans protested strongly, and have gone so far as to intimate that the provisions of pending legislation, which contemplates a still further extension of the inspection principle of immigrants, is carried out, they will not permit them to operate.

As this threat was to absolutely nullify any effort that the United States government may make to exclude emigrants of the most dangerous class and also to expose the people of the United States to infection from cholera, the matter is regarded as full of gravity. In fact, the French affairs have taken makes it evident our relations with continental Europe are likely to get entirely beyond executive control. If this country, once again, recognizes the right of these countries to dictate in matters of legislation. The conference today did not result in defining any line of policy, and it is not possible that the President will feel obliged to lay the matter before Congress in a special message to supplement the efforts of the administration in Congress to pass the sugar repeal bill now pending.

It may be stated, however, that not all of the members of the Cabinet are convinced that the enactment of this measure will afford the relief hoped for and in some quarters there is an abiding belief that the real object of the European combine is to break down the entire sugar schedule and secure free sugar, as the price for the admission of American food products.

MCGARRAHAN'S CLAIM.

Senator Teller Will not Assist the
Heirs in Prosecuting It.

Associated Press Leased-Wire Service.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 5.—Senator Teller, who was the special champion in the Senate of the late William McGarrahan in his effort to establish his claim to the Rancho

Grande grant in California, says that he will not continue his labors in behalf of McGarrahan's heirs.

"I supported Mr. McGarrahan because I believed an injustice had been done him, and not because of the money involved. McGarrahan took that position himself, and when money was offered refused to compromise. Now that his heirs have taken up the contest they have done so purely for the sake of the property which is supposed to be involved, and not for the establishment of a principle."

The bill, it may be stated, has passed the Senate, and has been favorably reported from the committee in the House. It merely provides for submitting McGarrahan's claims to the Court of Private Land Claims.

THE DEAD MARCH.

GROVER AND DAVID ARE TO GO
HAND IN HAND.They Will Unanimously Proceed in
an Endeavor to Resuscitate the
Democratic Corps—That
Famous Wake.

Associated Press Leased-Wire Service.

NEW YORK, Jan. 5.—A Washington special says: "This is the true meaning of the meeting of the President and Senator Hill on Wednesday night at the White House. The meeting means more than a reconciliation between the President and Senator Hill. It means the beginning of what both men hope means the rehabilitation of the Democratic party, and its more successful conduct of national affairs. The two great leaders came together for that purpose, and for that purpose alone. A new alliance has been formed, not for personal ends, but for the ultimate success of the Democratic administration and the future of the party it represents."

Cleveland and Hill are now together in a common cause. The force of circumstances has brought them together. These statements are not guesses at an interpretation of the meeting, but they are revelations by the men most interested and by their friends. The administration is without further patronage. It is on the eve of disappearance in the Democratic majority in Congress. Great reforms were promised two years ago, but the great reforms are yet to be accomplished. The party will go into the wilderness for many years, carrying the President and Senate with it. If these reforms are not more than a promise, it is with a realization of this situation that led to two invitations being sent to Senator Hill to come to the White House.

"One was formal, the other was informal, and both were sincere. It was an appreciation of this crisis that moved Mr. Hill to accept. This is the full significance of the already famous dinner."

A Powder Explosion.

UNIONTOWN (Pa.) Jan. 5.—An explosion of powder occurred at the Moyer works of the W. J. Ralphy Company last evening. At least six foreigners were seriously injured, and one other was fatally hurt.

HOTELS,
RESORTS AND CAFES.

HOTEL SAN GABRIEL EAST SAN GABRIEL—BEST FAMILY HOTEL. Terms \$10 per week and up. A. D. STRICKER, Prop.

HOTEL RAMONA COR. SPRING AND THIRD STREETS. EUROPEAN PLAN. Rates moderate. F. H. MALLORY, Prop.

HOTEL ALHAMBRA ALHAMBRA, CAL. IS NOW OPEN. FIRST CLASS FAMILY HOTEL. Rates reasonable. M. FURSTENFELD, Prop.

GRAND PACIFIC 428 S. SPRING ST. FINEST SUNNY ROOMS. SINGLE ANDEN suite, from \$3 to \$14 per week. Meals at moderate prices.

GRAND VIEW MONROVIA FAMOUS "GEM OF THE FOOTHILLS." FIRST CLASS. Tourist parties a specialty. A. W. HENDERSON, Manager.

LA SOLANA GRAND AVENUE AND LOCKE HAVEN ST. PASADENA, FIRST-class in every respect. GEORGE COOK, Manager.

HOTELS—

Resorts and Cafes.

THE ARLINGTON,

RIVERSIDE, CAL.

STRICTLY FIRST-CLASS.

HAS
ELEVATOR, ELECTRIC LIGHTS, PUBLIC and PRIVATE BATHS,
TELEGRAPH OFFICE.

Halls heated by Steam Radiators,

GRATE IN EACH ROOM.

FREE BUS.

J. T. RITCHEY & SON, Proprietors.

THE ABBOTSFORD INN—

—Corner Eighth and Hope Streets, Los Angeles, Cal.

Pre-eminently a most attractive, sunny and comfortable Tourist Hotel. One hundred rooms, single or en suite.

ALL NEW AND MODERN APPOINTMENTS.

Incandescent light; steam radiator in EVERY ROOM. American Plan Exclusively.

By J. J. MARTIN & SON.

HOTEL GRFFN,
PASADENA.

The Most Magnificently Equipped Hotel in Southern California.

Accommodations for 400 guests. Spacious and sunny rooms, with private parlors and bath.

G. G. GREEN, Owner.

J. H. HOLMES, Manager.

HOTEL NADEAU, European Plan.

NADEAU CAFE.

160 elegantly furnished rooms, 60 suites with bath, supplied with all modern improvements. Rooms \$1 per day and upwards. NADEAU CAFE, C. E. AMIDON, Manager, is the finest in the city; private dining and banquet rooms. Liberally managed.

H. W. CHASE & CO.

THE CALIFORNIA,

Formerly The Southern, Cor. of Second and Hill Streets.

Entire New Management.

The most elegant family hotel in the city. All modern conveniences; first-class in all respects; suites with bath; cuisine unsurpassed; electric cars pass the door to all parts of the city.

SMITH & WYLLIE, Proprietors.

HOTEL FLORENCE.

SAN DIEGO, CAL.

FLORENCE HEIGHTS. Finest view of city and ocean. Large, sunny rooms, spacious courts and parks. Three minutes from Postoffice. For information apply to: GEORGE W. LYNCH, Manager.

(Formerly manager Radondo Beach Hotel).

HOTEL ARCADIA.

SANTA MONICA, CAL. 150 ROOMS; STEAM HEAT, HOT OCEAN WATER baths. For information as to rates, etc., apply at Los Angeles office, 211 West First St., opposite Nadeau Hotel. S. REINHART, Proprietor.

ARROWHEAD HOT SPRINGS—THE FAMOUS WINTER RESORT OF Southern California; hotel, first-class; lighted by electricity; heated by hot water from springs; overlooks San Bernardino, Riverside and Orange; bus leaves Arrowhead Station 12:35 and 4 p.m.; San Bernardino 2:15 p.m. Postoffice and telephone at Springs. City office, Coulter's Dry Goods Store.

THE DELAWARE 1844 South Broadway. Just opened; European plan; handsomely furnished rooms, everything new, modern conveniences, strictly first class; plenty of sunlight and air. J. H. RODENBERG, Prop.

HOTEL SAN MARCOS SANTA BARBARA, CAL. THOROUGHLY RENOVATED; strictly first-class; new management; rates reasonable; cafe in connection. L. J. CLARK & CO., Prop.

HOLLENBECK HOTEL CAFE AND GRILL ROOM. EASTERN AND CALIFORNIA OYSTERS AND CREAMS ON SHELL.

HOTEL LINCOLN SECOND AND HILL—FAMILY HOTEL. APPOINTMENTS perfect; electric cars to all points. THOS. PASCOE, Prop.

CROWN VILLA PASADENA—BEAUTIFULLY LOCATED; LA'GEE SUNNY rooms; clean, comfortable; prices moderate. Ad. WOOD & HILE



The Owl Drug Co.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DRUGGISTS

320 SOUTH SPRING ST. LOS ANGELES.

The knell of the old regime

DRUG BUSINESS DONE ON BUSINESS PRINCIPLES.

The Owl Did It...
The Owl Did It...

Why, yes; we are the pioneers in the CUT RATE DRUG BUSINESS of the Pacific Coast; ours is the establishment that cut the rates of Drugs and Medicines and defied the entire drug trade, both retail and wholesale, to prevent us. For months the wholesalers boycotted and cajoled us, but it was "no go." One indirect result of the boycott is that the good people of Los Angeles and Southern California have in this city the finest appointed Drug establishment in America—a store where you can purchase the very purest Drugs at reasonable prices.

COUNTRY ORDERS FILLED AT OUR REGULAR CUT RATES.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

valued orchards. **ORANGE ORCHARD** the city residence, home, lodging-house, business, fruit, cigars, stands, meat market, bakery, restaurants and all kinds of mercantile business. Price, \$10,000 to \$20,000. We neither advertise nor try to sell anything that will not stand the strictest test. **W. C. FOSTER & SONS, 215 Second.**

WANTED - IF YOU HAVE \$1000 AND AN looking for a business opening we can offer the best opportunity. You know of the whole West. Come. We will tell you about it; you won't be disappointed. **H. O'BRIEN INVESTMENT CO., Bradbury building.**

FOR SALE - 1/2 INTEREST IN CARRIAGE business in one of the best business districts. Large display of equipages; where every body can see; customers include the best of the city. Business has been successful. Remaining partner has had years of experience in this line; business in fine shape, making \$1000 per month. **W. C. FOSTER & SONS, 215 N. MERRILL, 129 S. Broadway.**

\$2000 - FOR SALE - AN ESTABLISHED fruit and shipping trade, doing a good business. Capital \$2000. Can be bought in 30 days; owners must sell and have decided to leave the city. Business is profitable. Stock fixtures and all rest in fine shape. Large profits by concerted efforts of the partners. **W. C. FOSTER & SONS, 215 N. MERRILL, 129 S. Broadway.**

FOR SALE - HOTELS AND FURNISHED LODGING houses in one of the best business districts. We have the most complete list of the best-paying, best-located houses in the city. Price, from \$1000 to \$10,000. **J. C. OLIVER & CO., 237 W. First st.**

FOR SALE - SPLENDID OPENING FOR good office man; 1/2 interest in business, over \$1500 last month; present owner can't leave the city. Business is profitable. Large profits by concerted efforts of the partners. **W. C. FOSTER & SONS, 215 N. MERRILL, 129 S. Broadway.**

FOR SALE - BUSINESS THAT IS NO clearing more than \$150 per month. No owner gets out of the city. Business is profitable. Large profits by concerted efforts of the partners. **W. C. FOSTER & SONS, 215 N. MERRILL, 129 S. Broadway.**

FOR SALE - BUSINESS NEAR CORNER of Spring and First. Business is profitable. Large profits by concerted efforts of the partners. **W. C. FOSTER & SONS, 215 N. MERRILL, 129 S. Broadway.**

FOR SALE - ONE OF THE BEST FITTING restaurants in the city clearing over \$1000 per month. No owner gets out of the city. Business is profitable. Large profits by concerted efforts of the partners. **W. C. FOSTER & SONS, 215 N. MERRILL, 129 S. Broadway.**

LOS ANGELES ST.

FOR SALE - \$125; CHICKEN RANCH, ON a beautiful corner. Business is profitable. Large profits by concerted efforts of the partners. **W. C. FOSTER & SONS, 215 N. MERRILL, 129 S. Broadway.**

FOR SALE - A BARGAIN.
A good corner grocery; old established trade. Business is profitable. Large profits by concerted efforts of the partners. **W. C. FOSTER & SONS, 215 N. MERRILL, 129 S. Broadway.**

FOR SALE - \$115; AUNDAUN ONLY; FRUIT and shipping trade. Business is profitable. Large profits by concerted efforts of the partners. **W. C. FOSTER & SONS, 215 N. MERRILL, 129 S. Broadway.**

FOR SALE - \$700.
Soda fountain, cigars and fruit stand. Business is profitable. Large profits by concerted efforts of the partners. **W. C. FOSTER & SONS, 215 N. MERRILL, 129 S. Broadway.**

FOR SALE -
Business and best lively stable in the city. Business is profitable. Large profits by concerted efforts of the partners. **W. C. FOSTER & SONS, 215 N. MERRILL, 129 S. Broadway.**

FOR SALE - HALF INTEREST IN AN OLD established business. Business is profitable. Large profits by concerted efforts of the partners. **W. C. FOSTER & SONS, 215 N. MERRILL, 129 S. Broadway.**

FOR SALE - \$175.
Cigar and fruit store; 3 rooms; rent \$10. Business is profitable. Large profits by concerted efforts of the partners. **W. C. FOSTER & SONS, 215 N. MERRILL, 129 S. Broadway.**

FOR SALE - \$350.
Delicacy store; fruit and confectionery trade. Business is profitable. Large profits by concerted efforts of the partners. **W. C. FOSTER & SONS, 215 N. MERRILL, 129 S. Broadway.**

FOR SALE - \$3000.
A 14-room hotel, full; best buy in the city. Business is profitable. Large profits by concerted efforts of the partners. **W. C. FOSTER & SONS, 215 N. MERRILL, 129 S. Broadway.**

FOR SALE - \$4000.
The only drug store in a thriving service town; good trade and no cut. Business is profitable. Large profits by concerted efforts of the partners. **W. C. FOSTER & SONS, 215 N. MERRILL, 129 S. Broadway.**

FOR SALE - \$1400.
A very neat rooming-house of 20 rooms. Business is profitable. Large profits by concerted efforts of the partners. **W. C. FOSTER & SONS, 215 N. MERRILL, 129 S. Broadway.**

FOR SALE - \$200.
A very neat cigar and fruit stand; large room, close in. Business is profitable. Large profits by concerted efforts of the partners. **W. C. FOSTER & SONS, 215 N. MERRILL, 129 S. Broadway.**

FOR SALE -
A neat little restaurant near First & Broadway. Business is profitable. Large profits by concerted efforts of the partners. **W. C. FOSTER & SONS, 215 N. MERRILL, 129 S. Broadway.**

FOR SALE - STOCK OF MERCHANDISE bought in the East for this trade; very complete in its line; good money-makers; all retail groceries; 1000 and up. Business is profitable. Large profits by concerted efforts of the partners. **W. C. FOSTER & SONS, 215 N. MERRILL, 129 S. Broadway.**

AN UNUSUAL OPPORTUNITY IS OFFERED to a live man with \$3000 to invest in a business. Business is profitable. Large profits by concerted efforts of the partners. **W. C. FOSTER & SONS, 215 N. MERRILL, 129 S. Broadway.**

\$2500 - FOR SALE - A WHOLESALE retail grocery and provision house of 10 standing; fine location, long lease; doing cash business of \$500 a day. Business is profitable. Large profits by concerted efforts of the partners. **W. C. FOSTER & SONS, 215 N. MERRILL, 129 S. Broadway.**

\$150 - FOR SALE - A GRAND BARGAIN fruit, cigars and produce; a fine location; large store; plenty of rooming; 1000 and up. Business is profitable. Large profits by concerted efforts of the partners. **W. C. FOSTER & SONS, 215 N. MERRILL, 129 S. Broadway.**

TO A LIVE MAN WHO HAS \$250 TO INVEST in a business. Business is profitable. Large profits by concerted efforts of the partners. **W. C. FOSTER & SONS, 215 N. MERRILL, 129 S. Broadway.**

FOR SALE - STATE AND COUNTY RIGHT for standard free newspaper; good, profitable business for small capital. Business is profitable. Large profits by concerted efforts of the partners. **W. C. FOSTER & SONS, 215 N. MERRILL, 129 S. Broadway.**

PROPER PARTY TO TAKE INTEREST sold; substantial business; no agents; schemers; business done in fine shape. Business is profitable. Large profits by concerted efforts of the partners. **W. C. FOSTER & SONS, 215 N. MERRILL, 129 S. Broadway.**

FOR SALE - FINES - 4-STORY CORNER building east side Main, \$2500. Business is profitable. Large profits by concerted efforts of the partners. **W. C. FOSTER & SONS, 215 N. MERRILL, 129 S. Broadway.**

\$250 - FOR SALE - A WHOLESALE retail fruit store. Business is profitable. Large profits by concerted efforts of the partners. **W. C. FOSTER & SONS, 215 N. MERRILL, 129 S. Broadway.**

GENTLEMAN RETURNING TO NEW York will represent a first-class business. Business is profitable. Large profits by concerted efforts of the partners. **W. C. FOSTER & SONS, 215 N. MERRILL, 129 S. Broadway.**

FOR SALE - LODGE - WITH permanent parties; terms cash. Call on landlady between 2 and 3 p.m. **W. C. FOSTER & SONS, 215 N. MERRILL, 129 S. Broadway.**

FOR SALE - LIGHT GROCERY BUSINESS in a fine location; reason for selling, sickle; very cheap if taken within a week. **W. C. FOSTER & SONS, 215 N. MERRILL, 129 S. Broadway.**

WANTED - INDUSTRIOUS MAN for money in established business that is making money; must have \$250. **W. C. FOSTER & SONS, 215 N. MERRILL, 129 S. Broadway.**

FOR SALE - \$300; THE BEST PAYING restaurant on Spring st.; a big bargain taken at once; owner must go East. **W. C. FOSTER & SONS, 215 N. MERRILL, 129 S. Broadway.**

WANTED STOCK OF MERCHANDISE

MADE THEIR ESCAPE

The Ontario Bank-robbers not Yet Captured.

Mr. Stamm Says the Men Under Arrest are not the Right Ones.

The Highwaymen Believed to be in the Rincon Country—Their Horse and Buggy Found and Identified.

Steadman and Conway, the two men arrested for the Ontario bank robbery, were cleared of that charge yesterday morning, but are held on other charges, and the officers will now have to go on a fresh search.

Fred B. Stamm, the cashier of the bank, who was held up and beaten, and locked in his own vault by the fellows, came over from Ontario by the early train yesterday, and, after looking over the prisoners carefully, he pronounced them not the men who did the robbery. While they closely resembled the men he saw, there were several very distinct differences.

Mr. Stamm left on the next train for Riverside to identify two strangers arrested there on suspicion. The dispatch stated that the men were dressed and armed as hunters, and were acting in a suspicious manner.

Ed Steadman, the taller of the suspects, acknowledged to Chief Glass yesterday after Mr. Stamm's visit, that he "owed" five years at San Quentin penitentiary and seven years at Joliet, Ill., penitentiary. He escaped from the former about five years ago, and from the latter last September. Both men denied connection with the Ontario affair, and protested that it was time wasted to try to fasten it onto them.

Conway is known to have been connected with several robberies here in the city, and some evidence in the form of the watches was found on him. The police are looking up his record.

MR. STAMM'S STATEMENT.

Fred B. Stamm, the cashier and secretary of the bank, in giving details regarding the consummation of the robbery to Chief Glass, at the Police Station, stated that though several thousands of dollars in silver were in the cases and on the desks no attempt was made to take them. The sum secured amounted to \$4875, all of which was either in gold or notes. At the moment the robbers entered the bank Mr. Stamm was engaged at work on the ledger and upon finding his head to attend to the supposed customers he was confronted by a revolver held in the hand of the robber who ordered him to throw up his hands. Before he had time to comply with the demand he was struck down by a smaller of the two men, who wielded a sandbag with considerable force. While there is no abrasion of the scalp where the blow struck, a large welt has been opened and the wonder is that no greater damage was done. While he lay stunned on the floor the robbers entered the vault and abstracted what gold and currency they could find. Recovering consciousness, he attempted to rise when one of the men forced him into the vault, closed the door and locked the combination. While in the act of doing this R. P. Sibley, a customer of the bank, entered the doors and was at once set upon by the two men, who beat him on the head with their pistols. His hands being involuntarily raised to his head to protect himself, also suffered injury, being badly cut, and his present condition is precarious.

It was fully twenty minutes before Mr. Sibley recovered sufficiently to be able to give the alarm, and then Mr. Stamm was released from his imprisonment in the vault, he shouting at the top of his voice the combination to Mr. Sibley through the massive iron door. Naturally he was much exhausted when released, both from the attack made upon his person and also from being confined in the air-tight vault.

In describing the two men concerned in the most daring robbery, Mr. Stamm described the larger one as being about 5 feet 11 inches in height, having very dark hair, eyes and mustache, with about three weeks' growth of beard of the same dark hue. The clothes he and his companion wore were dark in color and a dark shawl hat completed in each case their attire.

The shorter and smaller-built man, Mr. Stamm estimated, would weigh from 150 to 160 pounds. He had light, reddish hair, with a small moustache of the same color. In height he was about 5 feet 7 inches; his face rather thin, but his shoulders were broad and heavy.

Numerous reports have come to the Sheriff and Chief of Police from all over Southern California. Riverside, Olive, Rincon and Pomona claimed to have the two robbers in custody, but so far no one is sure. Another report, told of their having been seen near Santa Ana. The stringing-up of the officers of the law all over the country has resulted already in the capture of several notorious crooks, so the robbery sensation is not wholly devoid of redeeming features.

EXHIBIT AT MONTERO.

The Robbery Still Monopolizes Public Attention.

ONTARIO, Jan. 5.—(Special Dispatch.) Excitement over the bank robbery still continues. It was reported Saturday morning that the two Los Angeles suspects would be brought here on the overland train for identification. A big crowd collected in the rear of the station, but they were doomed to disappointment. Mr. Stamm and the constables came back without them, the suspects not proving to be the parties wanted. Several are positive they saw the robbers around town two or three days before the final coup. Barber Kline says he saw them sitting on the steps, just south of the bank entrance, Thursday noon. They avoided his scrutiny and dropped their faces into their hands. Mrs. Robertson says they came into her bakery and demanded all she could give them to eat for 10 cents, for that was all the money they had.

There seems to be no doubt that the constables passed the bank robbers in the Rincon Hills. A Mexican saw a rig turn into a small canyon, between Rincon and South Riverside, driving at a gallop, and saw the posse about 5 feet behind. The posse lost the trail and kept on south. The buggy was found near where the Mexicans saw it leave the road. The horse was found near Olive. The Ontario constables and deputies are all back. They came in for fresh horses and bloodhounds. Late advices are that the robbers are safe in the hills.

Appropos of the robbery, the speed with which George Stamm, brother of the unfortunate cashier, was sent for and arrived on the scene of action, is worthy of note. It was thought that he alone could relieve Fred from the vault, and Abe Tritch drove on a run to the mouth of Cucamonga Canyon, where George was working, to apprise him of his brother's dangerous predicament. This trip was made in an hour, the distance being eight miles, and up-hill. George immediately made a break for the street car with his horse. The car happened to be standing at the head of Euclid avenue, six miles from town. The brakes were let go, and the car commenced its downward course at a speed which would jump the ordinary street car from the Santa Fe track, but this was the

only one on the trip. The six miles were made in exactly nine minutes, and the time consumed by the stop would not be taken into account. This is the quickest time ever made by a street car. There was only one other passenger, a lady, and she said the speed was none too fast for her.

IN THE RINCON COUNTRY.

The Horse and Buggy Used by the Robbers Found.

RIVERSIDE, Jan. 5.—(Special Dispatch.) The two men who robbed the State Bank at Ontario passed south through this county yesterday afternoon. They were at Mr. Taylor's ranch between 2 and 3 o'clock, and left the horse and buggy were found across the river from Rincon, the horse unhitched and turned loose. The liverman from whom the buggy was hired at Pomona went down and identified the horse and buggy as his property. This morning Constable Roberts and another constable started off from South Riverside in a two-horse rig for the purpose of scouring the hills in that part of the country. This region has numerous herds of butts scattered about the hills, which afford convenient hiding places. The officers did not proceed very far, however, for in crossing a swollen stream near Rincon the vehicle was overturned. The horse and buggy and the men were in the water. The horse and rig lodged against the posts of the railroad bridge, and were got out of the stream, but not until one was killed and the other nearly drowned. The men lost their Winchester rifles and other belongings in the stream.

Although some think that the men are in hiding in the hills there, more are of the opinion that they boarded a south-bound train at Rincon or Yorba last evening, and are now across the border in Lower California. The conductor of the train has not yet been seen.

Later in the day Mr. Stamm went up the road. In regard to the two men who were placed under surveillance Friday night, it speedily developed that they were not those wanted. One of the men who left their buggy at South Riverside, and who were armed with Winchester rifles and revolvers, is George Pengard, a real estate agent, and formerly in partnership with a man named Nance. The other is F. C. Christie, said to be a retired minister. These men were in Pomona when the news of the bank robbery was reported, and at once started out to assist in tracking the robbers. Their residence at Riverside occurred the afternoon of the robbery, on their identification, they were promptly released.

AT SANTA ANA.

The Unsuccessful Chase After the Robbers.

SANTA ANA, Jan. 5.—(Special Correspondence.) Santa Ana (shown into a future of excitement about 5 o'clock Friday evening when a telegram was received by Sheriff Lacey that the Ontario Bank robbers had passed through Olive, this county, at the head of the Santa Ana Canyon, and that they were headed for the Mexican line. The telegram gave a description of the robbers and of the horse and buggy they were driving and asked Sheriff Lacey and his deputies to head off the fleeing fugitives along the San Joaquin hills if possible. In a few minutes after the telegram was received the Sheriff, together with Sheriff-elect Nichols, Officers Morgan and Preble and one or two other arms men, left for the hills, not forgetting to "heel" themselves well before they started. Messrs. Lacey and Nichols drove rapidly in the direction of Tustin and Messrs. Morgan and Preble drove in the same manner toward Orange, but they all returned a few hours later, soon after Marshal Newman and Consable Tebeaux of Ontario and Chino arrived in the city.

By the time the news of the robbery had been spread almost all over the city, as was also the report that the build, height and color of the robbers, and that they were making their escape to Mexico by passing through the eastern portion of this country, along the San Joaquin hills, and the officers were, therefore, the center of attraction. Large crowds gathered about them eager for the least bit of news, and it was only with difficulty that the guardians of the peace could get away from the throng long enough to get into a restaurant to get something to eat.

Looking After the Rig.

POMONA, Jan. 5.—(Special Correspondence.) W. S. Newton, at whose livery stable the horse and buggy were hired by one of the bank robbers, in company with J. Lane McComas, went in search of the same, returning this afternoon, after learning that his horse and rig had been found beyond the Santa Ana River, and were at Souley's ranch—the river being impassable from the heavy rain of the past twelve or fifteen hours, they had to turn back for Pomona. Nothing has been heard from the officers, who were on the look-out.

ROSCOE TRAIN-ROBBERIES.

More Evidence Against Johnson and Thompson.

Since Alva Johnson confessed to his share in derailing and robbery of the Southern Pacific train near Roscoe station, and "Kid" Thompson's obduracy in refusing to concede that he was even present on that occasion, the question of forging additional links in the chain of circumstantial evidence has become of more importance than ever.

Some of the men from Lawson's agency went down to Johnson's small ranch, near Roscoe Friday, and were fortunate enough to discover evidence that will prove of importance at later date. After searching about for a time they made a close examination of the ground and the ground closely adjacent. The search was eventually rewarded by a bunch of keys being found, the clothing worn by Johnson and Thompson on the night of the train robbery and the two masks.

While it is reasonably certain that the evidence already procured would be sufficient to convict "Kid" Thompson, the above find will help very materially in weaving still closer the network of incriminating circumstances in which both men are involved.

Pompey Held to Answer.

Pompey Smith, the notorious negro, given to wielding a "razor" at the drop of a hat, was examined before Justice Austin yesterday on the charge of assault with a deadly weapon. Pompey was charged with striking a woman in the face and assaulting a whilom comrade of the same shade of coloring, Charles Williams. He "jerked" his "steel" and cut Williams through his clothing on his right side near the hip.

The defendant's attorney was W. P. Hyatt, Esq., and in the absence of Deputy District Attorney Rusk, J. P. Jones, Esq., of the new District Attorney's staff, conducted the examination. Smith was held to answer in the Superior Court, with bail fixed at \$300.

Purcell Must Answer for Forgery.

Charles Purcell was taken before Justice Austin yesterday to have his preliminary examination on the charge of forgery, and as the defendant's attorney, J. Marion Brooks, Esq., offered no evidence nor argument, he was held to answer with bail fixed at \$1000.



CORONA DURING THE WINTER HAS THE WARMEST CLIMATE IN CALIFORNIA.

The Pleasure Seeker Finds the greatest variety of enjoyments.

The greatest comfort and health-restoring atmosphere

For The Tourist The finest winter seaside resort in America.

Steam Heaters Throughout the Hotel.

Coronado Agency, 129 North Spring St., Los Angeles.

Santa Catalina ISLAND.

Three and a half hours to a beautiful country and charming climate. Good hotels, Steamer Saturdays from San Pedro, connecting with morning trains from Los Angeles.

Wilmington Transportation Co., 130 W. Second Street.

J. HORSCH, M. D., Phys. and Surg., late of Wurzburg and Berlin.

LUNGS, STOMACH, BLOOD. Office 263 South Main st., opp. Westminster, office hours, 9 to 11, 2 to 4, 7 to 8. Residence, 224 S. Grand ave.

"THE PROVERBS III. 8"

SHORT WEDDED BLISS.

MRS. YOUNG'S UNFORTUNATE MATRIMONIAL VENTURE.

The Victim of a Man Who First Robbed Her and Then Mistreated Her—A Story of Marital Infelicity.

It is an old-time fad that marriages contracted at the time of the squaw are bound to turn out unfortunately. The planets are supposed to be in unfavorable conjunction, and cast a malevolent influence on the wooing of newly-married couples. The case of T. L. Young, who, after barely three months of wedded life, is behind the prison bars, is a case in point, and presents some peculiar features.

On October 12, the married couple, who had accumulated a snug little sum of money, Young was connected in some way with a paper published within the classic precincts of Petaluma, but he represented to his bride, to be that in doing such work he was merely toying with fortune, for his main source of revenue came to him as a large stockholder in the Northern Pacific Railroad.

The marriage having been consummated, Young proceeded to annex to put it in a friendly way—what loose money and valuables his wife had on hand. A diamond ring, valued at \$100, and the little finger of his left hand, and as it would not go on the corresponding digit of his right hand, that, in itself, appeared as if it had actually been destined for him, so he took it.

A check for \$278 in his wife's possession brought forth a gentle remonstrance that she should not leave such valuable assets lying around loose, and he decided to follow in the footsteps of the robber, and he went down town to deposit the money in a place of safety. He did it, too, for he placed the stack of twenties in his hip pocket, and about the same time he sent a dispatch to his wife from the Oakland mole, which read as follows: "May be detained; don't fear." That was on October 15, four days after his marriage. He was detained, for five minutes after sending the above dispatch, he was speeding south to Los Angeles.

On the Tuesday following Mrs. Young received a second dispatch from the City of the Angels, telling her to come south at once. She had her doubts about this newly-fledged husband, but she decided to go. She was about \$100 and a diamond ring ahead of the marriage game, and her friends in San Francisco advised her that she might go further and fare worse, so she came down and found that her husband was posing as a sport, playing the races and dallying with forbidden pleasures of several kinds. In a mild way, she read the riot act to him, and he professed penitence. He procured employment, but as he explained to his wife he was working on commission, and consequently would receive no pay until the contracts he was working on were paid in. That afforded a good excuse for Mrs. Young to defray current living expenses, and give hubby some spending money. Thinking she had settled down, Mrs. Young returned to San Francisco on November 14, for the purpose of winding up affairs there and returning to Los Angeles to permanently reside. By that time, however, her jovial spouse had again kicked over the traces, had got fired bodily from the office where he was employed, and was now engaged in painting the city a brilliant and soul-inspiring tint of red. The financial end of the proposition had been solved by depositing the diamond ring already alluded to, with a gentleman on Main street, who is engaged in the obliging business of making small advances. He confided to his wife, too, while again overcome by a penitential mood, that if she didn't help him out he would get into serious trouble. He explained that he had had money advanced on certain contracts, unknown to his employers. From being a bloated bondholder in a wealthy railroad corporation down to a drunken idler, drawing the dollars from his wife's pocket, was a pretty big drop, but T. L. Young had made it.

On New Year's eve he had a demijohn of whisky sent up to the room, and when he saw it to come home, somewhat to the worse for wear, he proceeded to whoop things up in a striking fashion. He tumbled the furniture over, poured the whisky over the carpeted floor, smashed the various pieces of ornament scattered around, and wound up by assaulting his wife. He brought the new year in in great style, and is now awaiting in the City Prison until his time comes to pay for his fun. So far he has been unable to raise \$100 demanded as bail, and, having demanded a jury trial, will make a showing on Tuesday next.

Meantime, Mrs. Young is with friends, cogitating whether early October is really not a hoodoo time of the year to get married in.

WINDOW shades, 25c, 50c and 75c each, self-acting spring rollers and all the fixtures complete, at the "City of London" Lace Curtain House, No. 211 South Broadway. This is beyond a doubt the best place in town to buy lace curtains, wholesale and retail.

Carriage Bolts at Reduced Prices. Tinning and Jobbing promptly attended to.

Hardware. 230 SOUTH SPRING ST. THOMAS BROS.

Specialties—Builders' Hardware, Tools and Cutlery. Open evenings.

BROKEN LINES.

No doubt you are familiar with the fact that the business of the town in our line during Christmas season was done by our house. It's the town talk, and as a natural consequence many of our big lines in Hats, Gloves, Hose and Underwear, where there were 100 and 150 of a kind, are now down to small lots. The goods are just as choice now as they were a few days ago; but to us the lots are small, and, as a consequence, we will begin Monday to run 'em out of the house.

FOR PRICES OF 400 Hats, Latest and Correct Shapes, Fedoras, Derbys and Tourists, Sold regular \$3.50 and \$4, for.....\$2.50 EACH. See Styles and Shapes in our windows.

.. A Sampler ..

FOR PRICES OF 400 Hats, Latest and Correct Shapes, Fedoras, Derbys and Tourists, Sold regular \$3.50 and \$4, for.....\$2.50 EACH. See Styles and Shapes in our windows.

FOR PRICES OF 400 Hats, Latest and Correct Shapes, Fedoras, Derbys and Tourists, Sold regular \$3.50 and \$4, for.....\$2.50 EACH. See Styles and Shapes in our windows.

FOR PRICES OF 400 Hats, Latest and Correct Shapes, Fedoras, Derbys and Tourists, Sold regular \$3.50 and \$4, for.....\$2.50 EACH. See Styles and Shapes in our windows.

FOR PRICES OF 400 Hats, Latest and Correct Shapes, Fedoras, Derbys and Tourists, Sold regular \$3.50 and \$4, for.....\$2.50 EACH. See Styles and Shapes in our windows.

FOR PRICES OF 400 Hats, Latest and Correct Shapes, Fedoras, Derbys and Tourists, Sold regular \$3.50 and \$4, for.....\$2.50 EACH. See Styles and Shapes in our windows.

FOR PRICES OF 400 Hats, Latest and Correct Shapes, Fedoras, Derbys and Tourists, Sold regular \$3.50 and \$4, for.....\$2.50 EACH. See Styles and Shapes in our windows.

FOR PRICES OF 400 Hats, Latest and Correct Shapes, Fedoras, Derbys and Tourists, Sold regular \$3.50 and \$4, for.....\$2.50 EACH. See Styles and Shapes in our windows.

FOR PRICES OF 400 Hats, Latest and Correct Shapes, Fedoras, Derbys and Tourists, Sold regular \$3.50 and \$4, for.....\$2.50 EACH. See Styles and Shapes in our windows.

FOR PRICES OF 400 Hats, Latest and Correct Shapes, Fedoras, Derbys and Tourists, Sold regular \$3.50 and \$4, for.....\$2.50 EACH. See Styles and Shapes in our windows.

FOR PRICES OF 400 Hats, Latest and Correct Shapes, Fedoras, Derbys and Tourists, Sold regular \$3.50 and \$4, for.....\$2.50 EACH. See Styles and Shapes in our windows.

FOR PRICES OF 400 Hats, Latest and Correct Shapes, Fedoras, Derbys and Tourists, Sold regular \$3.50 and \$4, for.....\$2.50 EACH. See Styles and Shapes in our windows.

FOR PRICES OF 400 Hats, Latest and Correct Shapes, Fedoras, Derbys and Tourists, Sold regular \$3.50 and \$4, for.....\$2.50 EACH. See Styles and Shapes in our windows.

FOR PRICES OF 400 Hats, Latest and Correct Shapes, Fedoras, Derbys and Tourists, Sold regular \$3.50 and \$4, for.....\$2.50 EACH. See Styles and Shapes in our windows.

FOR PRICES OF 400 Hats, Latest and Correct Shapes, Fedoras, Derbys and Tourists, Sold regular \$3.50 and \$4, for.....\$2.50 EACH. See Styles and Shapes in our windows.

FOR PRICES OF 400 Hats, Latest and Correct Shapes, Fedoras, Derbys and Tourists, Sold regular \$3.50 and \$4, for.....\$2.50 EACH. See Styles and Shapes in our windows.

FOR PRICES OF 400 Hats, Latest and Correct Shapes, Fedoras, Derbys and Tourists, Sold regular \$3.50 and \$4, for.....\$2.50 EACH. See Styles and Shapes in our windows.

FOR PRICES OF 400 Hats, Latest and Correct Shapes, Fedoras, Derbys and Tourists, Sold regular \$3.50 and \$4, for.....\$2.50 EACH. See Styles and Shapes in our windows.

FOR PRICES OF 400 Hats, Latest and Correct Shapes, Fedoras, Derbys and Tourists, Sold regular \$3.50 and \$4, for.....\$2.50 EACH. See Styles and Shapes in our windows.

FOR PRICES OF 400 Hats, Latest and Correct Shapes, Fedoras, Derbys and Tourists, Sold regular \$3.50 and \$4, for.....\$2.50 EACH. See Styles and Shapes in our windows.

FOR PRICES OF 400 Hats, Latest and Correct Shapes, Fedoras, Derbys and Tourists, Sold regular \$3.50 and \$4, for.....\$2.50 EACH. See Styles and Shapes in our windows.

FOR PRICES OF 400 Hats, Latest and Correct Shapes, Fedoras, Derbys and Tourists, Sold regular \$3.50 and \$4, for.....\$2.50 EACH. See Styles and Shapes in our windows.

FOR PRICES OF 400 Hats, Latest and Correct Shapes, Fedoras, Derbys and Tourists, Sold regular \$3.50 and \$4, for.....\$2.50 EACH. See Styles and Shapes in our windows.

FOR PRICES OF 400 Hats, Latest and Correct Shapes, Fedoras, Derbys and Tourists, Sold regular \$3.50 and \$4, for.....\$2.50 EACH. See Styles and Shapes in our windows.

FOR PRICES OF 400 Hats, Latest and Correct Shapes, Fedoras, Derbys and Tourists, Sold regular \$3.50 and \$4, for.....\$2.50 EACH. See Styles and Shapes in our windows.

FOR PRICES OF 400 Hats, Latest and Correct Shapes, Fedoras, Derbys and Tourists, Sold regular \$3.50 and \$4, for.....\$2.50 EACH. See Styles and Shapes in our windows.

FOR PRICES OF 400 Hats, Latest and Correct Shapes, Fedoras, Derbys and Tourists, Sold regular \$3.50 and \$4, for.....\$2.50 EACH. See Styles and Shapes in our windows.

FOR PRICES OF 400 Hats, Latest and Correct Shapes, Fedoras, Derbys and Tourists, Sold regular \$3.50 and \$4, for.....\$2.50 EACH. See Styles and Shapes in our windows.

FOR PRICES OF 400 Hats, Latest and Correct Shapes, Fedoras, Derbys and Tourists, Sold regular \$3.50 and \$4, for.....\$2.50 EACH. See Styles and Shapes in our windows.

FOR PRICES OF 400 Hats, Latest and Correct Shapes, Fedoras, Derbys and Tourists, Sold regular \$3.50 and \$4, for.....\$2.50 EACH. See Styles and Shapes in our windows.

J. T. Sheward,

113-115 N. Spring St.

THE great sealed package sale will be continued Monday. The rain was a blessing to us. It would have been impossible to wait upon the trade if the weather had been fine. The great majority were more than satisfied. A very few were not. They never are. We tell you candidly that if you feel that you will get something you don't want don't attend this sale. Some will and some will not get what they want. There is not an article in the lot that has not sold for at least 25c. For Monday we will add 20 Watches, 75 Cloaks and 100 Sacques. We will add a large lot of other articles. Over three-fourths of the 6000 packages were sold. Two thousand packages will be added for Monday's sale. There will be a big crowd. No goods will be taken back. No goods will be exchanged. The sale is completed when the money is paid and the goods are delivered. There can be no mistake in reading this advertisement. You are blind in buying. You don't know what you are to get. The employees have no idea what are in the packages. There will be very few large packages. We told you before that the small packages were the safest to buy. On the strength of this advice nearly every one thought we wanted to sell the small packages. They took the large packages first. We are putting in some choice bargains for Monday, but don't lose sight of the fact everybody will not get choice bargains. Everybody will get something that has sold for 25c. One lady got a gentleman's Mexican leather bill book that is worth and sold everywhere for \$1.50. She did not want it, and sold it to one of our dress-goods men for 25c. It is a new article, and costs 90c in quantities; in small lots they are worth wholesale \$1.12½. It will cost you only 25c for a package. You may get extra value. You may not. You take all the risk. Fully 3000 sales were made in the house Saturday. A great many sales represented a number of articles. The best part of it a great many came once, twice; some three and four times. This certainly shows a great many got more than they thought they would. There will be some splendid values for Monday's sale. There will be a big crowd. The sale begins as soon as the doors are open. Try and get in early. You may want to come again. We are going to largely increase this year over last. Have you noticed the big improvements in the store?

Underwear Sale.

DON'T MISS IT.

Too busy to go into details. Our prices will talk for us.

LOWMAN & CO., Hustlers for Your Trade.

131 SOUTH SPRING ST.

Stop! Here is Your Chance!

You Can't Find Anything to Equal It!

Choice Lemon and Orange Land

AT WHITTIER. As fine as there is in California: ninety first-class standard orange or lemon trees for every acre; the water, in abundance, sold with the land. ALL for \$800 per acre. Think of it—\$800! At Whittier!

This land is a part of the celebrated Lemingwell Tract, which adjoins the East Whittier Tract and is just like it. It is watered from the same source and is practically fronted.

If You Don't Know About Whittier it don't take you long to find out as almost any one you meet can tell you. But to get full information call on

S. K. Lindley, 106 S. Broadway.

And he can tell you, show you the map of the tracts, the kind of nursery stock they grow there and which you'll get if you buy, and the kind of fruit they raise there on two-year-old trees.

DON'T MISS THE CHANCE. Lemons are the money-making fruit of the future. After seeing S. K. Lindley come to Whittier and see the property, and it will suit you.

At Whittier call on A. L. REED, General Manager.

Niles Pease, Holiday Presents

SEE OUR Show Windows FOR Novelties in Chairs and Rockers.

DO YOU KEEP HENS?

STURTEVANT'S IMPROVED Egg Food

Will make your hens lay Fertilized by F. W. Braun & Co., J. D. Mercer, 117 S. Second St., Petaluma, Incubator Co. 221 South Main St.

Starts Roup Pills

Starts Roup Pills

Starts Roup Pills

Starts Roup Pills

Starts Roup Pills

THE PUBLIC SERVICE

Facts About Making the City Assessment.

Demands of Men Employed in the Street Department in Dispute.

Mr. Watson Says He Will Straighten the Matter Out—At the Court-house—Some of the New Deputies.

Bustle and confusion prevailed in some of the offices at the City Hall yesterday on account of the changes in management to go into effect tomorrow. There was a good deal of wire-pulling and, at times, the corridor was considerably crowded with office-seekers.

At the Courthouse three applications for divorce were granted, and there were quite a number of minor cases disposed of. The new county officers in several cases gave out the lists of their appointees.

AT THE CITY HALL.

Making City Assessments.

LITTLE SAVING BY THE COUNTY DOING IT.

A misconception, it is believed, is prevalent regarding the best means of making city assessments under the present law and city charter. Under the law the city may obtain a copy of the assessments of city property as made by the county from the County Assessor upon payment of the amount fixed by law as compensation for that office. It has been frequently remarked that if this was to be done a large saving of expense to the city would be effected, for the city would not have to pay the salaries of the deputies employed under the present system to canvass the city and make the assessment. At first sight it would appear that the city would be saved a big expense by taking the assessment from the books of the County Assessor. Upon more careful investigation, however, it appears that the net saving would be very little, if any.

With the assessments made by the city as they have been for the past several years the cost for deputies for the City Assessor is about \$5400 per year, and the cost of maintaining the City Assessor's maps is under rather than over \$400, making an aggregate expense of \$5800 that would be saved by getting the assessment roll from the County Assessor.

There is, however, another side to the question. The law allows the County Assessor 12½ cents per folio for furnishing the city a copy. A folio is 100 words and every separate word is a name, every dollar sign, every figure and every other mark is counted as one word. The city assessment roll contains eleven books with about two hundred pages each. These pages will average about five folios to a page, which would make in all about eleven hundred folios. At the legal rate for copying the cost would be \$1375.

Another item which must be taken into account is the collection of personal property. The City Assessor is required under the charter to make this collection, and as the County Assessor does not have his books in shape to make the copy for the city before July 1, they cannot be used to assist in this work. It is necessary that deputies from the City Assessor's office call at every house in the city before July 1 to collect personal property taxes. If when this is being done a person called on by a deputy states that he has a number of pieces of real estate in the city which are assessed by the county, the deputy is compelled to rely on the truthfulness of the person's statement, and cannot collect the tax on personal property which he may find in possession of the person visited. If the statement of that person be true, the personal property will be assessed on the basis of the County Assessor's office and a copy of those books will be turned over to the city. Such being the case the owner of personal property who owns no real estate may, if he desires, evade taxation on his personal property without probability of detection.

In order to make this canvass for the collection of personal property taxes, it will cost the city, it is estimated, not less than about \$2000.

Another difficulty which will arise if, under the present law, city assessments are obtained from the county is in connection with the collection of city taxes. The county cannot be compelled to do this, and the result is that the City Assessor must do it. Suppose that on March 1 (the time of assessment) a piece of real estate in the city is owned by Mr. Jones, who, a few days later, sells it to Mr. Smith. The latter, a month afterward, conveys the property to Mr. Clark. Some time in October Mr. Clark comes into the City Tax Collector's office, and says he wants to pay his taxes. The first question is as to whom the property is assessed. Mr. Clark says he purchased the property from Mr. Smith, but who was the owner of it on March 1? He does not know. In such a case the Tax Collector must send a deputy to the County Assessor's office to find from whom the land has been transferred, as the record, or deed, or estate transfers. All this time Mr. Smith must wait before he can pay his taxes, and nearly half an hour of a deputy's time is lost in getting the information, in a case like the one just outlined, if the City Assessor had made the assessment, as is done at present, it is only necessary for the deputy from the Tax Collector's office to step into the City Assessor's office and get the desired information.

It is very frequently the case that in one or another of the offices in the City Hall the local assessor of property taxes, as shown upon the assessor's maps, is desired. If the city assessments are taken from the County Assessor's books, the maps in the City Assessor's office would not be kept corrected to date, and the result would be that, in order to secure reliable information of the kind mentioned, a trip must be made to the Courthouse in every instance.

Of course, if the collection of city taxes, as well as the making of city assessments, were to be done by the county in a manner somewhat like that provided for by the proposed revision of the city charter, the situation would be different. It is believed, however, there would be practically no saving in having the assessments made by the county, so long as the city continues to collect its own taxes.

The Council.

SPECULATION AS TO THE COMMISSIONERS—THE COMMISSIONERS.

Densely ignorant, the members of the incoming City Council appeared to be yesterday when asked anything about appointments to be made by that body when it meets tomorrow. Nearly all the Republican members were absent, and the caucus would be held till today, and possibly not till tomorrow morning. The election of members of the Police Commission was uppermost in the mind of the ward statesmen and up to last evening there seemed to be no immediate prospect of an agreement.

Regarding members of the other commissions, there was not so much said, but the friends of the various candidates for position to be filled by the commissions were busy looking after their interests.

The appointments of committees, although overshadowed by the other matters to be acted on, are causing a good deal of speculation. There are eleven standing committees and eight committees to divide them among, the president being ex-officio a member of all standing committees. The divorce case of J. P. Baber vs. Mattie Baber, which was partially heard on Wednesday last, again came up before Judge Van Dyke yesterday morning, and after one hour and a half had been examined for the plaintiff, a decree was ordered, as prayed.

In the Council will be bound by the platform of the Republican City Convention, which advocates city ownership and control of the waterworks at the earliest practicable moment. All matters in connection with waterworks ownership will naturally go to that committee and the chairman will be likely to be a "hold-over" member. This would come close to giving it to Munson of the Third, who has held it before and was, it is thought, will also get the Board of Public Works.

The chairmanship of the Finance Committee will be likely to go to some of the older Republican members, and may fall upon Klinger of the Fourth. The sewer and supply committees would then naturally go to Blanchard of the Ninth and Stockwell of the First. This would leave the more important committees in the hands of Republican members with six plums yet to be divided. By giving the Public Buildings Committee to a Republican member, it is believed the remainder of the chairmanships could be safely trusted to the opposition, especially if the membership of each of the remaining committees is arranged with a suitable Republican proportion.

Pessell of the Sixth has for the past two years had the Zanja Committee, and can probably be trusted with it again, especially with a Republican senator. Snyder of the Second represents a territory in a part of which the people are clamoring for a bridge across the river, and, perhaps out of courtesy, he will be given the Bridge Committee.

The Land Committee, being important, will, not unlikely, go to a Republican member, and that would leave the committee on fire and water and gas and light to be divided between Ashman of the Seventh and Savage of the Eighth.

Of course, some unexpected development may be disastrous to the above arrangement, but it is believed the chairmanships will be distributed somewhat as above indicated.

Superintendent-elect Howard has announced the appointment of deputies as follows: Chief deputy, Hampton Hutton; chief office man, Joseph W. Vories; assessor, Frank J. Palmare; bookkeeper, Col. W. E. Morford; corral foreman, C. H. Howard; sewer inspector, H. C. Register; office inspector, Joseph Livenside.

Besides E. C. Hine, Charles T. Parsons will act as deputy under City Treasurer Hartwell.

In addition to those already announced, City Tax and License Collector Gish has appointed John C. Stedman as his deputy.

The Charter Election.

THERE IS YET TIME FOR IT TO BE CALLED.

Some of the members of the new City Council said yesterday that the intention is to call the charter election as soon as can be under the law. The fact that no action on the calling of the election was taken by the Council at Friday's meeting, they said, will not prove fatal to the measure. The earliest date on which the election can be held under the law will be February 14, and the ordinance calling it for that date may be passed by the Council at any time up to ten days before it. All the proceedings, they say, are being carried on regularly and all the new Council will have to do will be to pass the ordinance calling the election.

The statement in yesterday's Times that the fact the Council took no action on the matter the day before would probably prove fatal to the measure, was based on two or three reasons. In the first place the old Council spent some six or eight months in bringing the revision proceedings down to the point of advertising. A new Council would be likely to consume a good deal of time in considering the question and this, it was believed, would result in the proceedings being delayed so long as to prevent the revision, if approved by the people, from being taken before the Legislature.

Demands for Street Work.

MORE EMPLOYEES THAN THE ORDINANCE ALLOWS.

For a day or two past it has been intimated about the City Hall that there were a number of demands for services of men employed on the street department which could not be presented to the Council. Several men have, at one time and another, called at the proper office for warrants for their services, only to find there had been no demands passed for the street work. Superintendent Watson said yesterday that there were demands to the amount of \$1200 or more for the services of laborers, which demands had not yet been presented to the Council. These demands had been held back because of the excess of the ordinance. A large portion of men employed on the department, Mr. Watson said, were dismissed one week ago on a regular basis. The services of the men retained during the past week, together with the demands held back, as above explained, would amount to make up the payroll which the ordinance would allow for the past week.

Superintendent Watson said he intended to leave the matter all straightened out when he goes out of the office, and not turn over any unfinished bills for Mr. Howard, the incoming superintendent, to be bothered with.

A Provisional Request.

A communication from Secretary Willard of the Chamber of Commerce filed for presentation to the City Council, was that at a meeting of the board of directors of that organization, held January 2, the following resolution was passed:

"Resolved, that the president of the Los Angeles Directory Company to take the census of this city and environs, showing the number of people living within its limits, over manufacturing industries, etc., has hereby indorsed by this organization, and the City Council requested to assist the undertaking, provided the work can be done at what, in the opinion of the Council, is a reasonable expense."

To Operate Telephones.

Martin Marsh stated yesterday that it is the intention to, within two or three days, give people an opportunity to see what kind of service the Los Angeles Telephone Company can give under the franchise granted it six months ago. A sample telephone will be placed at the City Hall and another at some public place for the purpose of demonstrating what may be done with the kind of telephone proposed to be used. An agent will thereafter solicit subscriptions. The franchise will be forfeited unless the proposed system of telephones is in operation under it within six months from date.

The Larabee Franchise.

The ordinance granting an extensive franchise to the Los Angeles Consolidated Railway Company (nominally to Mr. Larabee) is still in the hands of the Mayor. The ten days, at the expiration of which the ordinance will become a law, without the Mayor's signature, if he does not veto it before, have nearly elapsed.

City Hall Notes.

The Chestnut-street school will be reopened tomorrow, together with the other city schools.

City Engineer Dockweiler filed his annual report with the City Clerk, just at the hour of closing yesterday afternoon. The report compares very favorably with that of last year.

AT THE COURTHOUSE.

THE Courts.

THREE APPLICATIONS FOR DIVORCE GRANTED.

Judge Clark heard and granted the application of Diula E. Waterhouse, for a decree, divorcing her from William J. Waterhouse, upon the ground of desertion, by default, yesterday morning.

The divorce case of J. P. Baber vs. Mattie Baber, which was partially heard on Wednesday last, again came up before Judge Van Dyke yesterday morning, and after one hour and a half had been examined for the plaintiff, a decree was ordered, as prayed.

Upon motion of the plaintiff, the case

of Emily C. Newton vs. Walter L. Newton, an action for divorce, was dismissed, without prejudice, by Judge Shaw, yesterday.

BUEHLER MUST PAY HIS FINE.

Judge Smith heard the appeal in the case against W. H. Buehler, formerly a member of the Board of Education, and affirmed the judgment of the lower court, yesterday morning.

Buehler was convicted of having intemperately treated George McCurdy in the rear of his drug store, some months ago, and was fined \$500, and Judge Smith, in passing upon the legal questions raised, took occasion to express his opinion of the case in unmeasured terms, denouncing the scene of the crime as a "hell-hole," and worse than a brothel.

HABEAS CORPUS PROCEEDINGS.

Doreno Capasso sought to obtain his release from the County Jail through the medium of habeas corpus proceedings, in Department One, yesterday morning. He was held to answer by Justice Austin recently for the murder of Roy Kinner, on December 20 last, but claims that the evidence shows that the deceased was stabbed by one Giovanni Carazzi, and not by him, and that, therefore, he is illegally detained. After hearing the matter argued, Judge Smith took it under advisement.

BURGLAR CONVICTED.

Alexander Bankhead, a young negro, appeared before Judge Smith and a jury, in Department One yesterday, for trial upon the charge of having committed burglary, with Frank Washington, at the residence of John Thill, at Sunnyside, on November 14, last, and was convicted in short order. He will receive sentence on Wednesday next.

Court Notes.

Pursuant to stipulation, the attorneys for John Craig, the condemned murderer, were granted ten days' additional time by Judge Smith yesterday within which to prepare and file their proposed bill of exceptions.

C. L. Morton, alias Frank Monroe, appeared before Judge Smith yesterday morning for arraignment upon the charge of forgery preferred against him, and on entering his plea of guilty thereto, was remanded until Monday, when he will receive sentence.

Upon motion of the District Attorney, informations were filed in Department One yesterday morning, charging David Daniels with assault with a deadly weapon; W. D. Davenport with grand larceny, and George A. Ford with an attempt to commit robbery; and all three defendants were ordered to appear for arraignment on Monday.

The defendants in the case of the First National Bank of Los Angeles vs. Walter S. Maxwell et al., recently decided by Judge Clark, were granted ten days' additional time yesterday within which to file their notice of intention to move for a new trial.

The trial of the case of Gregory Perkins, Jr., as assignee of the estate of Mullen & Egan vs. the National Bank of Pomona, was resumed before Judge Smith in Department Five yesterday, but was not concluded, and went over until Monday.

New Suits.

Among the documents filed with the County Clerk yesterday were the preliminary papers in the following new cases:

F. A. Mawaclo vs. Francine Leonis et al.; action to foreclose a mortgage for \$785.30.

John C. Koford vs. Henry L. Pinney et al.; action to set aside a default and annul a decree of foreclosure for non-service of summons.

George B. Beebe, administrator, vs. Isaac M. Leiby; action to quiet title to two lots at Santa Monica.

P. A. Stanton vs. Irvin M. Dobbin; action to compel the specific performance of a contract.

The New Deputies.

APPOINTMENTS BY THE NEW COUNTY OFFICERS.

So far as can be ascertained, the appointees of the county officers-elect are as follows:

Sheriff, John Burr; H. S. Clements, J. Murielt; S. P. Reed; W. A. White; A. W. Marsh; H. C. McClure; A. B. Mallory; P. J. Kennedy; C. L. Byam; Martin G. Aguire; C. G. Kellogg; Luther H. Buchanan; Ira Harrington; J. B. Beebe; John H. Barnard.

Clerk, T. E. Newlin; George Varcoe, A. W. Seaver, Sam Kutz, Will Ward, John Dunsmore, B. M. Blake, C. W. Bell, C. L. Logan, Andy Francisco, George O. Monroe, Austin Charles, F. McKinnell; E. G. Wood, M. G. Willard, W. H. Rickard.

County Recorder, E. C. Hodgman; Alexander Caldwell, chief deputy; Walter Marchant, assistant; Charles Staples, index clerk; A. A. Kinney, packing; George Alexander, chief of copying department; A. Walde, A. B. Davis, R. C. Shaw, comparing clerks; W. W. Mills, map maker; copying clerks, Mrs. C. B. Halberstadt, Mrs. W. B. Weeks, Mrs. M. B. Mullard, Mrs. F. Bennett, Mrs. M. B. McGiff, Mrs. S. F. Dubois, Miss A. L. Gavit, Miss G. C. Weidner, Miss Dell Roberts, Miss A. O. Weston, Mrs. C. L. Morgan, Miss A. M. Morgan, Mrs. May N. Monroe, Miss Ouida L. Marion, Miss Gussie Steorwer, Miss C. R. Ruggles, Mrs. Leighton, Miss Mary Jamison, Miss Ada Pitch, Miss Maud Harlett, Miss Louise B. Conke, T. L. Moore, H. K. White.

Tax Collector, A. H. Merwin; R. D. Wade, C. D. Brad John, J. B. Phillips and C. J. Matlock.

Comptroller, John A. Donnell; W. T. Williams, George L. Shanon, C. C. McComas, F. R. Willis and W. P. James.

Assessor, Theodore Summerland; John O. Lowe and W. S. Spencer.

Treasurer, Thomas J. Fleming; Dean Mason.

The Supervisors.

A NUMBER OF ROUTINE MATTERS ATTENDED TO.

At the meeting of the Board of Supervisors yesterday the clerk was directed to notify the Street Superintendent to lower a number of boundary streets, to the grade, as it endangered travel.

The deeds from J. B. Brokard et al. to certain property for rights-of-way for Franklin, Prospect and Hartford avenues were accepted and road rights duly declared public highways.

The clerk was directed to advertise for bids for a fifty-two-foot span bridge at El Monte, said bids to be opened on January 23 next.

Upon motion of Supervisor Hanly the sum of \$4000 was ordered transferred from the general road fund to that of Azusa district to meet the expenses incurred in improving Grand avenue at Glendora, upon the satisfactory completion of said work.

The bid of the Excelsior Bridge Company, \$23 for the construction of a bridge in the Cabuena road district, was accepted.

FINEST line of furniture coverings in the city at the "City of London" Lace Curtains, No. 211 South Broadway, Glendale, California. We have an extra large line, and the prices are, as usual, the very lowest to be found. This is beyond a doubt the best place in town to buy lace curtains, wholesale and retail.

William Harrison, who was last heard of at Los Angeles, Cal., call upon or communicate with the receiver of the Stuyvesant Safe Deposit Company, Nos. 1 and 3 Third avenue, New York city.

THE finest line of lace curtains in the city can be found at the "City of London" Lace Curtains House, No. 211 South Broadway. Over four thousand pairs to select from.

CIRCULAR Distributing and Mailing Agency, Downey Block.

THE Excelsior Paint Company manufactures the best quality of paint, and is especially adapted to the climate of Southern California. Territory for sale. No. 621 South Spring street.

FINE line of moleskin velvet at the "City of London" Lace Curtains House, No. 211 South Broadway. This is beyond a doubt the best place in town to buy lace curtains.

OUR FIRST BIRTHDAY

Anniversary, February 1, will be preceded by our First Grand Annual

STOCK-TAKING SALE

We'll wind up the first year of our existence as Clothiers in Los Angeles with a rattling, rousing, ringing sale that will reduce our stock, previous to taking inventory, and please those who have put off buying clothes until after the Holidays. The reduction applies to every article in every department.

MEN'S AND BOYS'

SUITS, OVERCOATS,

HATS AND CAPS,

MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS.

Remember, Monday is the first day.

BEGINNING MONDAY

The old low-price tickets remain unchanged. The discount comes off when you pay.

12½% OFF

Specially BIG BARGAINS IN BOYS' CLOTHING.

BROWN BROS.,

CLOTHIERS,

FURNISHERS,

HATTERS.

249-251 SOUTH SPRING STREET.

ONE MONTH MORE.

Dr. Shores Extends the \$5.00 Rate for all Diseases Until Feb. 1.

All Patients Who Apply This Month Will Receive FREE One of Dr. Shores' New and Latest Instruments for the Treatment and Cure of Catarrh; Also All Patients Now Under Treatment Will Receive the Instrument FREE.

Remember, Under No Circumstances Will This Low Rate be Extended or Renewed After This Month—The Lowest Fee Ever Offered for Expert Specialty Service.

In Informing the public so often of the little time left in which to take advantage of this notable offer to treat all diseases until cured for \$5.00 a month, medicines free, Dr. Shores has only one object, that all may have an opportunity to avail themselves of this very low fee for expert specialty services.

During the closing days of this low rate last month hundreds were turned away, being unable to gain admittance.

This will positively be the last month in which chronic sufferers will have a chance to test this wonderful treatment at the low cost of \$5.00 a month.

WHAT IT MEANS.

It means that the ONLY COST to patients for a full course of Dr. Shores' expert specialty system is only \$5.00 a month, medicine free, and all who apply this month will be furnished free with one of Dr. Shores' new instruments for the treatment and cure of Catarrh; also all patients now under treatment will be supplied with one free by applying to Dr. Shores.

Catarrhal and chronic sufferers, do not delay. Apply at once, for positively this will be the last month of this extremely low rate.

PRESS COMMENTS.

What the Los Angeles Daily Papers Said of Dr. Shores' Five Dollar Rate.

Los Angeles Times, January 1, 1895: A curious sight yesterday was the crowds of ailing people who thronged the office of Dr. A. J. Shores & Co.,

anxious to avail themselves of the \$5.00 a month rate for treatment, which expired with the year.

Los Angeles Daily Herald, January 1, 1895: The offices of Dr. A. J. Shores were crowded with patients yesterday, taking advantage of the \$5.00 rate for the cure of all diseases.

Los Angeles Evening Express, December 31: Pedestrians passing the offices of the Dr. A. J. Shores Co. today wondered at the crowd gathered in and about the entrance. It being the last day of the year, also the last day of Dr. Shores' magnificent \$5.00 offer for catarrh treatment, explains the rush.

The above notices partially explain the cause of the extension of the \$5.00 rate for January, but after February 1 this low rate will positively be withdrawn.

EVIDENCE

Of the Success of Dr. Shores' Expert Specialty System.

CATARRH CURED.

Little Johnnie Sanford, who resides with his mamma at No. 602 Aliso street, this city has for 6 years suffered with catarrh, yet no one was able to tell what it was, and his mamma, in an interview, says Dr. Shores was the first to tell her what was the matter with her little son. In conclusion,

Mrs. Sanford says Dr. Shores has made him a different child, and heartily recommends the Doctor's expert specialty system to all catarrhal and chronic sufferers.

Little Johnnie Sanford, 602 Aliso street.

Mrs. Sanford says Dr. Shores has made him a different child, and heartily recommends the Doctor's expert specialty system to all catarrhal and chronic sufferers.

Little Johnnie Sanford, 602 Aliso street.

Mrs. Sanford says Dr. Shores has made him a different child, and heartily recommends the Doctor's expert specialty system to all catarrhal and chronic sufferers.

Little Johnnie Sanford, 602 Aliso street.

Mrs. Sanford says Dr. Shores has made him a different child, and heartily recommends the Doctor's expert specialty system to all catarrhal and chronic sufferers.

Little Johnnie Sanford, 602 Aliso street.

Mrs. Sanford says Dr. Shores has made him a different child, and heartily recommends the Doctor's expert specialty system to all catarrhal and chronic sufferers.

Little Johnnie Sanford, 602 Aliso street.

Mrs. Sanford says Dr. Shores has made him a different child, and heartily recommends the Doctor's expert specialty system to all catarrhal and chronic sufferers.

Little Johnnie Sanford, 602 Aliso street.

Mrs. Sanford says Dr. Shores has made him a different child, and heartily recommends the Doctor's expert specialty system to all catarrhal and chronic sufferers.

Little Johnnie Sanford, 602 Aliso street.

says her little son suffered terribly from the poisonous effects of catarrh, and under Doctor Shores' expert specialty system she says he has been greatly benefited. This is evidence of the success of Dr. Shores' new treatment. Remember, \$5.00 a month for all diseases to all who apply. This month. It must be apparent that this low rate cannot continue much longer, so apply now before it is too late.

Master Heitchew, 844 Yale street, cured by Dr. Shores' expert specialty system.

Master Heitchew, 844 Yale street, cured by Dr. Shores' expert specialty system.

Master Heitchew, 844 Yale street, cured by Dr. Shores' expert specialty system.

Master Heitchew, 844 Yale street, cured by Dr. Shores' expert specialty system.

Master Heitchew, 844 Yale street, cured by Dr. Shores' expert specialty system.

Master Heitchew, 844 Yale street, cured by Dr. Shores' expert specialty system.

Master Heitchew, 844 Yale street, cured by Dr. Shores' expert specialty system.

Master Heitchew, 844 Yale street, cured by Dr. Shores' expert specialty system.

Master Heitchew, 844 Yale street, cured by Dr. Shores' expert specialty system.

Master Heitchew, 844 Yale street, cured by Dr. Shores' expert specialty system.

Master Heitchew, 844 Yale street, cured by Dr. Shores' expert specialty system.

Master Heitchew, 844 Yale street, cured by Dr. Shores' expert specialty system.

Master Heitchew, 844 Yale street, cured by Dr. Shores' expert specialty system.

Master Heitchew, 844 Yale street, cured by Dr. Shores' expert specialty system.

Master Heitchew, 844 Yale street, cured by Dr. Shores' expert specialty system.

Master Heitchew, 844 Yale street, cured by Dr. Shores' expert specialty system.

Master Heitchew, 844 Yale street, cured by Dr. Shores' expert specialty system.



NEWS AND BUSINESS.

The Weather.

U. S. Weather Bureau, Los Angeles, Cal., Jan. 6, 1895.—The barometer at 5 a. m. registered 30.03; at 5 p. m., 29.95. The thermometer for the corresponding hours showed 50 deg. and 54 deg. Maximum temperature, 58 deg.; minimum temperature, 43 deg. Character of weather, cloudy. Rainfall for the twenty-four hours, 1.3 inches; rainfall for season, 4.45 inches. Barometer reduced to sea level.

A man one time a good thing had which people would have prized, but he never sold one. For he never advertised.

—(Printer's Ink.)

In this paper yesterday we had the following advertisement below, but on account of inclemency of the weather and to accommodate those who could not come, we will continue the sale for tomorrow: Grand benefit day at Burger's, No. 235 South Spring street, for the benefit of his many patrons, and to those that have not as yet visited his bargain mart, which we think there are but few in Los Angeles and vicinity. Now here come everybody and see the goods. Eastman's Bros. Company Royal perfumes, and Warwick Freres of Grasse, France, and our own popular California, G. C. Gilbert & Co.'s celebrated perfumes. You know what you have to pay for them elsewhere; 50 cents an ounce. Ask anywhere. Our price tomorrow, choice of any of the above three firms' perfumes, any odor at 20 cents an ounce. We furnish you bottles free. Another great special sale will be Shell side combs, gold and silver plated tops at 20 cents a pair, and children's solid gold rings at 10 cents each. E. Levy's of Boston, La. Blanche face cream, 25 cents a box. Hair brushes, clothes brushes and shoe brushes, worth up to 50 cents, at 15 cents each. Come and see the Little Giant Bazaar in Otter, Burger is the man, No. 235 South Spring street is the place, four doors south of the Los Angeles Theater.

No use of your using that old machine, or going to borrow your neighbors', for you can buy a new White for \$20. We don't belong to any combine, and believe in the old saying, small profits and quick sales; we have tried it for some time and find the public know a good thing when they see it; we pay no commission; employ no agents, but will give you the benefit of that saving, which amounts from \$20 to \$45 on each machine. Now, to convince yourself that we are selling now goods, and have got the best, call and examine our stock; new machines for rent for \$2 per month. White's No. 1, 235 South Spring street, between Second and Third.

Do not waste cast-off clothing. "Reconomy is the road to wealth." It also enables those already wealthy to help the destitute. Save from moth and mold your old, partially worn clothing, children's clothing, or any garments that can be made over into children's clothing. Anything of this description left at the Times business office will be useful in supplying those in need. No matter how small the amount you have, or how badly worn, it will be useful to those with no money to buy new. If inconvenient to send in the articles you have, get them ready, notify us, and they will be called for.

The Eastern Market Company, J. B. Hubbard, recently of Chicago, manager, which will make a specialty of choice meats and provisions, poultry, fish and oysters, started business yesterday, at No. 330 South Spring street, corner of Fourth, with a grand opening, which was attended by hundreds of people. The place was handsomely decorated with cut flowers and potted plants, and a display of choice viands, at unexpectedly low prices, was very fine.

Mrs. C. Doeh has removed her stylish millinery exactly opposite her old store, No. 230 1/2, Workman Block, second floor. Ladies will have the latest styles and record of the past will be a guarantee for the future. Having greatly reduced the expense of selling millinery, I can give my customers benefit of the lowest prices. Call and be convinced. Rooms 43 and 44.

At St. Paul's Episcopal Church, on Olive street, opposite the park, the choir will render Haydn's Mass this morning with full orchestral accompaniment. These services are always crowded to overflowing, and the public, though always welcome, should be at the church in good season for the service which begins at half past 7 o'clock.

T. B. Larimore will preach at East Los Angeles Christian Church, North Workman street, today at 11 o'clock a. m., and 2 o'clock and 7:30 p. m., and every day this week at 2:30 o'clock and 7:30 p. m. Come and hear an able man preach the gospel. No collections, except at 11 o'clock a. m. Sunday.

Another carload of pianos just received at Williams Music Store, No. 327 South Spring street. These pianos were bought for spot cash at New York and shipped before the advance in freight rates. Purchasers can have the advantage by calling at once.

Dr. Tracy gives his illustrated lecture on "The National Soprano," Miss Gertrude Auld, the phenomenal soprano, sings in Simpson Tabernacle, at 7:30 o'clock. At night, the collection will be taken at the door. A silver offering is asked.

Special sale, missess' cashmere, 7 to 14, for 25 cents, worth 50 and 75 cents; all 18 corsets, sizes 25 to 30, for 35 cents. Big cut in all departments for thirty days. Hunter's, No. 220 South Spring street.

The John A. Logan W.R.C. will entertain their friends by a dance on Wednesday evening, January 9, at G.A.R. Hall, No. 612 South Spring street. A general invitation is extended to all.

Wanted, by an intelligent young man, 21 years of age, place to work nights, mornings and Saturdays, for board, while attending school. Address by letter or in person to Woodbury Business College.

Hear Dr. Tracy's celebrated lecture Monday night, January 7, at Simpson Tabernacle, "Ben Hur, or the Temple of Christ." Admission 25 cents. Illustrated with 125 stereoscopic views.

Bring your old or waste periodicals, magazines or old books to The Times office, or leave address and they will be called for, and they will be given to the poor and unfortunate.

For saddle horses, riding, school, buggies, phaetons, two or three-seaters, or four-hand tallyho, go to Grand-avenue Livery Stable, 514 South Grand-avenue, Telephone 730.

The ladies of John A. Logan W.R.C. will give a social hop in the G.A.R. Hall, No. 612 South Spring street, Wednesday, January 9. All friends of the order are invited to attend.

Potomac Block Hair Parlors. Miss L. E. Eby of Chicago has secured the services of a hair-dresser just from Paris. No. 217 South Broadway, rooms 25 and 26.

For good single, double and tallyho-turnouts, at reasonable rates, go to the St. George Stables, No. 519 South Broadway, J. L. Sanderson, proprietor.

March, the carriage painter, has removed from Second street to Nos. 154 and 156 North Los Angeles street, over Hobbs' carriage shop.

Miss N. Alfrey has a large class in dramatic expression and stage art. New

members received this week. Stage dancing taught. School for physical training, elocution and dancing. No. 226 South Spring street.

School for investigators in occultism; none but those of wealth and leisure need apply. Mrs. Fannie Green, No. 144 South Main street, room 3.

The Jenny Lind of this age, Miss Gertrude Auld, sings in Simpson Tabernacle tonight, and Dr. Tracy lectures. Silver offering at the door.

Miss Gertrude Auld, the phenomenal soprano, sings in Simpson Tabernacle tonight, and Dr. Tracy lectures. Silver offering at the door.

School of Art and Design, No. 110 West Second street. Branches: Pomona College, Pasadena, Marlborough School, city; Chautauqua Assembly.

The best is the cheapest. See the standard sewing machine. Coast agency at Williamson's Music Store, No. 237 South Spring street.

Rev. A. C. Bane will preach at Trinity Methodist Church, Broadway, Morning, "Holiness or Hell," evening, "The Bolted Door."

Wanted—An experienced glove-maker at Los Angeles Glove Manufactory, Wilson Block, corner First and Spring. Take elevator.

Go hear Miss Gertrude Auld sing and Dr. Tracy's illustrated lecture in Simpson Tabernacle tonight. A silver offering at the door.

Kregelo & Bresse, funeral directors, corner Sixth and Broadway. Open day and night. Lady attendant. Telephone No. 243.

Oleovich Bros., who have had one of the largest shoe stores in Seattle, have closed it up and removed the stock to this city.

Simpson Tabernacle, Seventh and Hope streets, 11 o'clock, sermon by presiding elder, Rev. G. W. White, A. M.

Go to the Woman's Exchange, 330 1/2 S. Broadway, for Indian baskets and Mexican drawn work. New lot just received.

For a nice chicken and turkey dinner, go to Brown's Cafe, 25 cents, No. 317 West Second street.

Visit the Arrowhead Hot Springs, the finest mountain resort on the Coast. See notes under Hotels.

Dr. J. T. Price has removed his dental office to rooms 312 and 313 Bradbury Block.

Mantels, tiles, office fittings, hardwood lumber, H. Bohman, No. 514 South Spring street. See those elegant steel ranges at J. B. Chapman's, No. 414 South Spring street.

The Investor, G. A. Dobson, editor, published Wednesdays. Sold at news stands.

A large, well-lighted front room on the third floor of Times Building for rent. Buy the Whitney make of trunk. Factory, No. 423 South Spring street.

Living whist class will meet Monday night at 8 o'clock. Prof. Payne.

Gray hair restored. No. 321 1/2 South Spring.

Ladies, see "Conversations" in special notices.

Customers' shoes polished free. Barden's. Men's shoes exclusively, 150 N. Spring. Eastern butternuts at Althouse Bros'. Grand winter sale. The Unique.

Joseph E. Merritt filed a complaint yesterday, alleging that Dr. W. L. Moyne was not legally elected member of the Board of Education for the Second Ward.

There will be a called meeting of the Working Boys' Home society at the Pleasanton Hotel, corner Temple street and Grand avenue, this afternoon at 2 o'clock. New members are urged to be present.

A young lemon tree in front of S. K. Liner's office, No. 404 South Broadway, is a good illustration of how things grow in Southern California. This tree shows a growth in twelve months of over twelve feet from the bud.

Mrs. J. L. Peck of No. 309 South Broadway has just completed a fine oil painting of Lake Champlain, which was presented as a birthday present to Henry Fuller, by his wife. The scene represented depicts Mr. Fuller's birthplace.

It is almost assured that George Kenan will deliver at least two of his famous lectures in Los Angeles during the latter part of this month, probably on "Life on the Great Siberian Road" and "Russian Political Exiles."

The residence of Mrs. Helen E. Taylor, on Highland avenue, just west of the city limits, was damaged by fire yesterday afternoon to the extent of \$200 to \$300, caused by the explosion of a coal oil heater of the Rochester pattern.

The annual report of the board of directors of the Los Angeles Public Library has been published. It is a neat pamphlet of thirty-eight pages, and contains much valuable information. It was printed by the Times-Mirror Printing and Binding House.

Numerous bold but petty thefts are being daily reported at the police station, and all tend to show that the criminal element abounds in the crowd. Thefts of milk and bread left at doors are especially frequent.

W. C. Patterson, who for nearly two years has been confined to his bed, in consequence of a somewhat severe surgical operation, is now thoroughly convalescent, and will by Monday or Tuesday be able to give attention to his many public and private duties as usual.

A small fire occurred yesterday in M. C. Kornblum's dyehouse, at No. 333 South Broadway. The blaze was caused by the boy's setting a bucket of tar and asphaltum on the stove to melt, mistaking it for paint. The flames were not extinguished until considerable damage had been done. The building was not insured.

PERSONALS.

C. A. Ingalls of Boston, has registered at the Nadeau.

G. M. Place and wife of New York are guests at the Hollenbeck.

M. L. Swift and wife of Chicago are guests at the Hollenbeck.

G. C. Kemp and wife of Arcola, Ill., have registered at the Hollenbeck.

Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Brown and family of Hartford, Ct., are the Westminister.

A. H. Conran and E. E. Nelson, both of Brooklyn, are stopping at the Hollenbeck.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Stewart and Master Stewart of Baltimore are quartered at the Westminister.

Mrs. J. C. Davis and Miss A. L. Davis of Cambridge, Mass., are stopping at the Westminister for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Bell and J. E. Bell of Minneapolis were among the Eastern arrivals at the Westminister yesterday.

J. M. Cole, with Mrs. Cole and daughter, arrived on the overland from Chicago yesterday, and are stopping at the Nadeau.

Mrs. Langdon Williams, Miss Laura E. Klapp and W. Klapp Williams of Boston are temporarily domiciled at the Westminister.

Wayne Mason of Plankinton, Dak., accompanied by his wife and son, is spending the winter with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Mason, of Grand avenue and Adams street.

The following party are registered at the Nadeau: C. F. and Mrs. Osborn, Norwalk, Ct.; Lucius F. Alden and wife, Brockton, Mass.; J. B. Poole and Miss Grace L. Poole, Rockland, Mass.

A. J. Pickard and wife of Chautauqua Lake, N. Y., arrived in the city last week and will spend several weeks sightseeing in Southern California. Mr. Pickard is one of the best-known and most popular hotel men in Western New York. He owns one of the finest hotels on Chautauqua Lake, the Pickard House, at Bemus Point. Mr. Pickard is delighted with Los Angeles, and expresses astonishment at the moderate expense of living here, as compared with what he expected.

MRS. C. N. SMITH and Mrs. C. C. Carpenter are now prepared to receive the ladies of Los Angeles and vicinity for artistic hair-dressing, cutting, shampooing and manicuring. In latest approved style, at Eastern prices. Satisfaction guaranteed. Rooms Nos. 123, 124 and 125, Stinson Block.

Stock-taking Sale. Ladies' Cloaks and suits Never Sold for So Little Money.

Cloaks.

Extraordinary reductions—every garment halved.

Ladies' Jackets—Splendid quality English Cheviots, in black, brown and Oxford mixed, braided and fur-trimmed and tailor-cut garments, worth from \$7.50 to \$40; now

Only \$5.00

Ladies' Long Coats—Splendid grade of black beaver, fur edged, full length, reverses; was \$15; now

Only \$8.50

Ladies' Jackets—Elegant wide wale black cheviot, braided, trimmed, full tailor made; also comes in tan, in West-England cloth; worth fully \$20; now

Only \$10

Ladies' Paletot or Long Coat—Elegant imported broadcloth, applique trimmed, astrakhan fur edge, lined with all- silk satin; was \$30; now

Only 12.50

Ladies' Suits—Very neat fancy suit and broken check; one cheviots lined throughout; a splendid suit for street business wear; worth \$7.50; now

Only \$5.00

Ladies' Suits—All-wool storm skirt, in black and navy blue; trimmings; worth \$12

Only \$7.50

Ladies' Suits—All-wool storm skirt, in black and navy blue; trimmings; worth \$12

Only \$7.50

Ladies' Suits—All-wool storm skirt, in black and navy blue; trimmings; worth \$12

Only \$7.50

Ladies' Suits—All-wool storm skirt, in black and navy blue; trimmings; worth \$12

Only \$7.50

Ladies' Suits—All-wool storm skirt, in black and navy blue; trimmings; worth \$12

Only \$7.50

Ladies' Suits—All-wool storm skirt, in black and navy blue; trimmings; worth \$12

Only \$7.50

Ladies' Suits—All-wool storm skirt, in black and navy blue; trimmings; worth \$12

Only \$7.50

Ladies' Suits—All-wool storm skirt, in black and navy blue; trimmings; worth \$12

Only \$7.50

Ladies' Suits—All-wool storm skirt, in black and navy blue; trimmings; worth \$12

Only \$7.50

Ladies' Suits—All-wool storm skirt, in black and navy blue; trimmings; worth \$12

Only \$7.50

Ladies' Suits—All-wool storm skirt, in black and navy blue; trimmings; worth \$12

Only \$7.50

Ladies' Suits—All-wool storm skirt, in black and navy blue; trimmings; worth \$12

Only \$7.50

Ladies' Suits—All-wool storm skirt, in black and navy blue; trimmings; worth \$12

Only \$7.50

Ladies' Suits—All-wool storm skirt, in black and navy blue; trimmings; worth \$12

Only \$7.50

Ladies' Suits—All-wool storm skirt, in black and navy blue; trimmings; worth \$12

Only \$7.50

Ladies' Suits—All-wool storm skirt, in black and navy blue; trimmings; worth \$12

Only \$7.50

Ladies' Suits—All-wool storm skirt, in black and navy blue; trimmings; worth \$12

Only \$7.50

Ladies' Suits—All-wool storm skirt, in black and navy blue; trimmings; worth \$12

Only \$7.50

Ladies' Suits—All-wool storm skirt, in black and navy blue; trimmings; worth \$12

Only \$7.50

Ladies' Suits—All-wool storm skirt, in black and navy blue; trimmings; worth \$12

Only \$7.50

Ladies' Suits—All-wool storm skirt, in black and navy blue; trimmings; worth \$12

Only \$7.50

Ladies' Suits—All-wool storm skirt, in black and navy blue; trimmings; worth \$12

Only \$7.50

Ladies' Suits—All-wool storm skirt, in black and navy blue; trimmings; worth \$12

Only \$7.50

Ladies' Suits—All-wool storm skirt, in black and navy blue; trimmings; worth \$12

Only \$7.50

Ladies' Suits—All-wool storm skirt, in black and navy blue; trimmings; worth \$12

Only \$7.50

Ladies' Suits—All-wool storm skirt, in black and navy blue; trimmings; worth \$12

Only \$7.50

Ladies' Suits—All-wool storm skirt, in black and navy blue; trimmings; worth \$12

Only \$7.50

Ladies' Suits—All-wool storm skirt, in black and navy blue; trimmings; worth \$12

Only \$7.50

Ladies' Suits—All-wool storm skirt, in black and navy blue; trimmings; worth \$12

Only \$7.50

Ladies' Suits—All-wool storm skirt, in black and navy blue; trimmings; worth \$12

Only \$7.50

Ladies' Suits—All-wool storm skirt, in black and navy blue; trimmings; worth \$12

Only \$7.50

Ladies' Suits—All-wool storm skirt, in black and navy blue; trimmings; worth \$12

Only \$7.50

Ladies' Suits—All-wool storm skirt, in black and navy blue; trimmings; worth \$12

Only \$7.50

Ladies' Suits—All-wool storm skirt, in black and navy blue; trimmings; worth \$12

Only \$7.50

Stock-taking Sale. "Close-outs" in Velvets, Silks and Dress Goods at Half Prices.

Dress Goods.

Extra inducements in lines to be closed out previous to stock-taking.

Beautiful silk and wool Novelty Mixtures—Exquisite coloring effects. Full 40 inches wide, the self-same materials that have found friends all the season at 75c a yd., now

Only 50c

Scotch plaids—Some beautiful designs in genuine Highland patterns, particularly desirable for fancy waists and children's dresses; 40 in. wide; instead of 75c now

Only 50c

English Cloakings—Broadcloths in beautiful shades; 18 sorts of novelty suitings; these goods formerly bore the marks of \$1 and \$1.25; they may all be seen Monday at

Only 75c

4-inch genuine English Covered Cloths—Eight distinct ribbed, astrakhan fur edge, actual 75c materials; now

Only 50c

Black Dress Goods—The famous Priestley novelities, 48 inches wide, all pure wool; the latest styles, actually worth 75c to the yard; will be closed out tomorrow at

Only 55c

Black Dress Goods—The famous Priestley novelities, 48 inches wide, all pure wool; the latest styles, actually worth 75c to the yard; will be closed out tomorrow at

Only 55c

Black Dress Goods—The famous Priestley novelities, 48 inches wide, all pure wool; the latest styles, actually worth 75c to the yard; will be closed out tomorrow at

Only 55c

Black Dress Goods—The famous Priestley novelities, 48 inches wide, all pure wool; the latest styles, actually worth 75c to the yard; will be closed out tomorrow at

Only 55c

Black Dress Goods—The famous Priestley novelities, 48 inches wide, all pure wool; the latest styles, actually worth 75c to the yard; will be closed out tomorrow at

Only 55c

Black Dress Goods—The famous Priestley novelities, 48 inches wide, all pure wool; the latest styles, actually worth 75c to the yard; will be closed out tomorrow at

Only 55c

Black Dress Goods—The famous Priestley novelities, 48 inches wide, all pure wool; the latest styles, actually worth 75c to the yard; will be closed out tomorrow at

Only 55c

Black Dress Goods—The famous Priestley novelities, 48 inches wide, all pure wool; the latest styles, actually worth 75c to the yard; will be closed out tomorrow at

Only 55c

Black Dress Goods—The famous Priestley novelities, 48 inches wide, all pure wool; the latest styles, actually worth 75c to the yard; will be closed out tomorrow at

Only 55c

Black Dress Goods—The famous Priestley novelities, 48 inches wide, all pure wool; the latest styles, actually worth 75c to the yard; will be closed out tomorrow at

Only 55c

Black Dress Goods—The

XIVTH YEAR.

SUNDAY MORNING, JANUARY 6, 1895.

FIVE CENTS

THE EDWIN BOOTH OF JAPAN.

How the Greatest Actor of Japan Looks, Acts and Talks—A Description of Japan's Last Big Earthquake and Mr. Carpenter's Narrow Escape—The Chinese Barbarities in Korea.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

I have just received two very curious sketches from Korea. They are made by a Japanese artist, and they illustrate the barbarities which the Chinese used in their treatment of the Japanese prisoners. One of them shows how Lieut. Takenouchi, who was captured by the Chinese when in charge of an advance guard of twelve Japanese, was barbarously tortured. He was first dragged through the town by a string which was run through his nose. His hands were tied behind him, and a Chinaman held him back by a rope, which he jerked occasionally in order to intensify the pain of the string through his nose, which was pulled by another Chinaman, who walked in front. Soldiers with flags and spears went along, and criers carried the heads of the Japanese prisoners, which had been cut off. After he had passed through the town of Pingyang his ears were cut off, and he was again led through the streets. At the third trip his nose had disappeared, and what became of him after that nobody knows. The dead were horribly mutilated by the Chinese, and the actions of the Japanese at Port Arthur were almost forced by the horrible treatment which both

ing of their pipes, and there is no objection to smoking. There is an immense pit and two galleries, and the walls in the summer are open, and it is more like an open-air concert hall than a theater. The stage is made in the shape of an immense wheel, which is turned by man power at the change of the scenes, and which moves one set of actors behind the scenes and brings another before you. The supe come on during the play to fix the clothes of the actors. They are dressed in black, and you are not supposed to see them. Right through one side of the house there is a board walk of the height of the stage, about five feet wide, which forms a part of the stage, and some of the actors will step off and come down on this walk above the audience and play their parts there. The acting is different from ours, but it is wonderfully strong in some respects. There is no better fencer in the world, and these people have a wonderful power of facial expression. The Japanese appreciate good acting. They roar with laughter over the comedies, and a strong piece of tragic acting brings shouts of applause, and the people tear off parts of their clothing and throw onto the stage, expecting to

former, and he said that he was really sorry that he could not accept the generous offer to come to America and act at Chicago during the World's Fair. He afterward sent me his photograph, writing his autograph below it, and I found that there was just as much demand for the pictures of actors in Japan as in America, and that the people had their favorites. BEHIND THE SCENES WITH A JAPANESE COMEDIAN.

Leaving Donjuro, I made a call on Shinzo San, who is one of Donjuro's favorite pupils, and who is, perhaps, the brightest of the younger Japanese comedians. He received us in his dressing-room. He had to go on the stage within a few moments, and he made up for his part while he



Donjuro, the Edwin Booth of Japan.

chatted. His gown was pulled down to his waist, and he was absolutely naked as to the upper part of his body. He squatted on his knees before a little glass on the floor, painting and patching and turning himself into a modern Japanese gentleman into a bridge of the olden time. He had his servants to help him, but he did the most of the work himself in the most artistic way, painting his arms and his eyes and his neck, and patching up his head so that he looked like an old Daimio. He finally put on a gorgeous suit of light-blue silk, and stood before us as the hero of the dual marriage, or, as it might be called, of the play, which is known in Japan as "The Knight of the One Pantalon." As he stood there, I happened to remark that I wished I could have a picture of him. Whereupon he replied: "Why don't you take it? There is my camera." I looked, and I saw one of the finest of modern cameras, with tripod and all conveniences. He directed his servant to put it up for us, and Mr. Weldon took the picture while he posed. As the button was pressed the call for the act came, and he left the room for the stage. We took out the plate-holder and went back to our seats. It was but a minute after the picture was taken before we reached them, and the house was in roars of laughter. Shinzo was playing one of his great parts, and 3000 people were doubling themselves up in ecstasy over his acting.

HOW IT FEELS TO BE BLOWN UP.

It was indirectly in connection with this theater that I had my first experience with a Japanese earthquake. The great earthquake of Tokyo occurred about two days later, and I came within a stone's throw of being killed in it, while I was getting the photograph of Donjuro, of which I spoke. I had long wanted to be in an earthquake, just to see how it went, you know. My longing is satisfied, and I laugh at earthquakes no longer. Japan is the land of earthquakes. The country has at least five hundred shocks every year, and there have been years when the shocks have reached as high as three thousand. The most of these shocks are very light, and I laughed at the terror which the people showed at the least vibration, and could not understand it. This big earthquake, however, opened my eyes. It ruined thousands of houses and killed many people. It was one of the greatest earthquakes that Tokyo has ever had. It caused great fear.

It cracked the earth, and it came near ruining the American Legation. This is a large frame structure, and it is surrounded by a big brick wall. In the same compound is the house of the secretary of the Legation, Mr. Herod. The earthquake threw over the chimneys. It moved the walls so that they left their places and bent over as though they would topple. It cracked the plastering all over the house, and sent the china and the bric-a-brac flying. It was the same in Mr. Herod's house, and in all the foreign buildings of the city. I went through the houses of Parliament. They were flying with mortar and debris, and there was a hole through the roof, and enough for an elephant to have passed down through without touching the edges of the hole. The great club house of Tokyo had a portecochere of stone, and within this coachman was sitting with his horses at the time of the shock. The structure went down, and the horses were killed. At the first evidence of the shock the driver tried to whip the horses onward, but they were paralyzed with terror and refused to move. At the Imperial Hotel, where I was stopping, the heavy chimneys came flying down through the roof, and one of them fell into the dining-room just after it had been vacated.

THE EARTHQUAKE AND THE PALACES.

The shocks came at about five minutes past 2 in the afternoon. I had an appointment with Mr. Tokioka, of His Majesty's imperial household departments, and I had gone inside the palace grounds, and was in this building at the time. It was an old-fashioned European building built of stone and brick, and badly constructed. Mr. Tokioka and myself were talking together on the second floor, and he was giving me the photograph of Donjuro, which he had gotten for me, when there came a rumble like thunder and an aftershock began to move. The air was thick and stifling, and I could feel the floor rise and fall. At the same time, the halls were filled with hundreds of running clerks, and Mr. Tokioka sprang to his feet, and said, "It is an earthquake. Let us run." And we ran. We went down two steps at a time, and just got outside when nearly half of the building went down. Many were injured, and one man was killed. Stones were thrown hundreds of feet away from the building. Outside the shock continued. The ground rose and fell. Men riding in jinrikishas were thrown over, and when I called the same afternoon at Count Ito's, who has a large foreign resi-

dence not very far from the American Legation, I found that his house had been badly injured, and that his wife was terribly prostrated by it.

THE OLD INHABITANTS DON'T LIKE THEM.

I found in discussing the earthquake that those who had been longest in Japan feared the earthquakes the most. The face of one man connected with the legation, who had been there for many years, became as white as chalk when the shock occurred, and some of the older Japanese were prostrated with terror. Those who know what an earthquake is appreciate its terrible possibilities, and during the remainder of my stay in Japan I trembled whenever a man walked across a floor over me, thinking that there was going to be another earthquake, and wondering whether I was to be swallowed up in it. This earthquake affected the railroads. It twisted the rails here and there, and people on the trains said that it sounded as though two trains had come into collision. It ruined one large tea factory containing many girls, who were killed in the debris. It was a curious earthquake in that there were only two or three shocks, and in that it was confined almost to the vicinity of Tokyo. Many of the earthquakes have from nineteen to twenty shocks following each other, and there is always more than one shock. This earthquake caused several big fires, and there is never an earthquake in Japan which does not result in more or less conflagration. The houses are, you know, nearly all of wood, and oil is now used very largely for lighting. Lamps are thrown over, and the burning oil runs through the buildings. Thousands of houses are destroyed, and the damage by fire is often as great as that by earthquakes.

TALKS ABOUT EARTHQUAKES.

I met during my stay in Japan the greatest earthquake authority on the globe. This is Prof. John Milne of the Imperial College of Engineering at Tokyo. He has made a great study of earthquakes, and has invented machines which show just how the earth moves at such times, and as to its effect upon all sorts of structures. According to him, it makes a great difference as to how the buildings are built, and the Japanese are now resting some of their foundations on rollers and iron shot, so that they will move as though they were placed on the ball bearings of a bicycle, when an earthquake occurs. He suggests that the chimneys should be made of sheet iron instead of bricks, and people living in earthquake countries should have heavy tables under which they can crawl in case of a shock. They should have earthquake lamps, and in some parts of South America he says the people have earthquake coats which are stocked with provisions, and which lie beside their beds, and in which they can skip out into the open air with some kind of protection at the slightest warning. The ordinary Japanese house is of wood, and instead of having laths and plaster it is lined inside and out with a wattle-work of bamboo, and this is plastered over with mud. It is more like a basket than a house, and it is much safer than brick and stone.

EARTHQUAKE HORRORS.

Still, the damage that is done by earthquakes in Japan is terrible. All through Japanese history you find records of villages being swallowed up, and of thousands of men being killed. I have a list of Japanese earthquakes before me. Almost the whole city of Tokyo was destroyed between two and three centuries ago, and at this time it is said that 200,000 people lost their lives. At other times



Donjuro as The Pirate.

mountains fell and lakes took their places. The last great earthquake that Tokyo had was in 1855. There were eighty shocks felt within a month, and the city was a blaze of fire. One hundred and four thousand people are said to have perished, and 14,000 houses were reduced to matchwood. The earthquake in which I was, was by no means so serious. Still, it was not to be sneered at, and my own Japanese servant came to me in great trouble, saying that his house had gone down, and that his wife and boy had been injured.

THE BIG EARTHQUAKE AT Gifu.

One of the biggest earthquakes that Japan has ever had occurred about three years ago. I had a number of friends who were in it, and it was horrible beyond description. Thousands of buildings went down, and thousands of people were killed. The railroad was twisted as though it had been made of sticks of half-melted taffy. Great factories were thrown to the ground. Some of the most famous potteries of the country were destroyed. Temples were burned. The embankments of rivers fell in, and about 200 Buddhist temples were reduced to ruins. This occurred near the great city of Nagoya, and it affected buildings in Kobe. One man whom I know was the French teacher in a school in Nagoya. His house fell in their night clothes. They lost everything, and in this earthquake 250,000 people were rendered homeless, and a vast amount of property was destroyed. The horrors of the earthquake cannot be described. People were cut all to pieces by the ruins. The earth half swallowed some. Great cracks and fissures existed everywhere, and the earth was seamed and wrinkled and torn.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

(Copyright, 1894, by Frank G. Carpenter.)

Walter Besant is reported as saying that hundreds of people are making over \$1000 a year by literature of various kinds; that at least thirty in England alone are making over \$2000, at least six or seven over \$5000, and at least one or two this year not less than \$1000.

DR. PARKHURST'S YOUTH.

Stories of the Reformer Told by Townspeople—Clerk in a Country Store—His Big Words After His Return from Germany Were a Joke in Town—His Early Life.

(From a Special Correspondent.)

BOSTON, Jan. 5.—The people of the manufacturing town of Clinton, Mass., tell many interesting stories of Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst's boyhood, for here he lived from his 11th to his 20th year. The brick school-house he attended still stands. The dry-goods store in which he clerked has been removed to a side street and is used for other purposes, but it is pointed out as the place where the "Parkhurst boy worked," and is one of the objects of interest in the town. The house in which the family lived remains, slightly altered, and is the property of Dr. Parkhurst.

Yet more interesting are the village people who remember him and who, from the calf content of their uneventful lives, look into the greater world and follow his career with pride. Among these village watchers is the doctor's elder brother, Wellington, now a man of 60 years; who

entry, about the first one he made in the day book. That's October 14, 1858."

The entry read: "To William Eaton, 7 1/2 yds. delaine, 94," with the figures in the debit column. Then the old merchant closed the book as carefully as a bible.

The people of Clinton tell with relish stories of Parkhurst as a young minister when he had just returned from a theological course in Germany. He preached in the church where his father had been a deacon for seventeen years. Full of European learning he confounded the plain village folk by preaching over their heads. His utterance was a continuous flow of theological playables, Latin quotations and complex sentences. The good old people who had known him from a boy could not understand him at all. When the sermon was over and the people were going



Dr. Parkhurst at the present day.

has edited the Item, the only daily paper in the town, for thirty years. H. C. Greeley, a third cousin of Horace Greeley, the dry-goods merchant for whom Charles Parkhurst worked, still keeps store and cherishes a vivid recollection of his ex-clerk. When Dr. Parkhurst's name was mentioned to him this shrewd old Yankee turned from his business.

"Charles Parkhurst was a boy round the store when he came here at the age of 11 or 15," said he, with beaming face, as he leaned against the counter, piled high with calicoes, took the eyeglasses off the bridge of his nose and played with them as he gave himself up to recalling the past.

"I didn't notice him much at first, except that he was bright and ambitious. He came here as any boy goes into a country store to do errands and small sales. But he attracted my attention because he was persistent and full of will. He took the place of a boy whom I had discharged for suspected theft. Charles was only a fair salesman. If never thought he meant to make it a business; he just let up a little in his schooling to come into the store for a while, but he stayed two years. He must have studied evenings while he was here, for I used to notice him carrying a Latin book, though we never allowed reading or studying in the store, and the hours were long. We didn't close till 9 o'clock, except two evenings in the week. I think his mother helped him in his studies all that time. She was a superior, high-minded woman. Charles was always bright and alert in the store, and listened eagerly to anything in the way of witty conversation that was going on."

"I have taken a great interest in the stir he has made, as he was a clerk of mine—most distinguished one I ever had, though a good many of my young men

out there was an ominous silence about the sermon, but plenty of shaking of sage old heads. It is said that as the Parkhursts walked home the mother took her son to task and said: "Charles, I never want to hear you preach that way again."

Parkhurst preached frequently after that, but his mother's indignation seemed to have but little effect, for he still used high flown language. It became a saying in the village that if Parkhurst was going to preach, they would have to take their dictionaries to church instead of their Bibles. The people for the most part took his airs good naturedly, not ill pleased to see that one of their own boys had gone to Europe and acquired such vast knowledge. The more philosophical reflected that he doubtless wanted to increase his vocabulary and took these occasions for practice. It was thought that he kept a list of large and impressive words on hand for reference before any special occasion.

In later years when he has come home on summer vacations and preached from the old pulpit he has used language so simple and direct that a child could understand and he grew to have a great hold upon the people. Still they did not turn out in great numbers to hear him, even when his New York fame was developing. In any other town in Massachusetts he would have drawn better. It is the old story of the prophet in his own land.

When he was a boy no one saw in him a coming preacher, much less a reformer. It seemed more likely that he would follow in the footsteps of his parents and be a teacher. For his father was an old style New England schoolmaster and his mother a schoolmarm. He went to school to both his father and mother. This unwritten yet most picturesque part of his life transpired before the family left



Parkhurst homestead at Farmingham, Mass., where Dr. Parkhurst was born.

have gone to the cities and become directors of corporations, for we raise a good quality of human stock around here. But it's a good while ago since Parkhurst was with me—before the war, when I first went into business for myself, and before I was 20. Let me see, I've got an old day-book in the cupboard that will show just when it was."

Mr. Greeley returned with a look of satisfaction on his face as he exhibited little old account book with board covers and leather back. He opened it reverently and turned the yellow pages, which almost split under the touch. At length a page was turned that showed a bold, boyish hand and a liberal supply of ink.

"That's it," said Mr. Greeley, putting his finger upon it, "that's Parkhurst's own

from the hills down to the river, that Charles W. Parkhurst, the father, spent forty-five years of his life working his farm in the summer and teaching school in the winter or conducting writing schools. As soon as his boys were large enough to trudge by his side he took them to school with him. There was Wellington, seven years the senior of Charles, and Howard, the present organist of Dr. Parkhurst's church, who is four years his junior.

The elder Parkhurst was an austere man, of rigid mind, the kind of a man that impressed you, with a reserve power, strength of principle, and direct utterance, a man to be feared, obeyed and respected. Yet this man who had rooted deep like an oak tree on the old homestead for forty-five years broke away from it and removed to Clinton where his boys could have a better education at the academy. Here he became head book-keeper for a large manufacturing corporation of Clinton.

The summer before this removal, when Dr. Parkhurst's mother had taken a district school to teach, Charles, then 19 years old, was her daily companion along the country road to the little red school-house. A common sight in the spring and fall on the Sudbury farm was to see Charles bestirring the horse along the furrow, and his brother Wellington holding the plow.

When the family came to Clinton Charles was 11 years old. He at once went to a private school taught by Miss Lucretia Morgan. This was the first time he went away from home to school. He next attended the grammar school, the two-story, gable-roof brick building still standing on the corner near the center of the town. When he completed the course there he went into the store as described. While there he developed a craving for study and an ambition to be a teacher.

Stimulated with this object he began to attend the Rev. M. S. Stebbins's academy at Lancaster. This was really a boarding school, where the old minister fitted the boys for college. Charles Parkhurst was a day pupil. He walked back and forth over the hills from Clinton four miles each day. He gained his love of walking which has led him to Alpine climbing as his favorite summer recreation from these long walks over the Massachusetts hills.

Charles at once took a high place in scholarship, particularly in languages. He was looked up to by less diligent classmates who would gather before school opened and watch for him to come down the road from Clinton. Then they would get him to translate the hard parts of the day's Latin lesson. From this sort of tutoring he took to teaching certain branches while taking a regular course at the academy. He was there two years, and then entered Amherst, where he was graduated in 1856.

He then engaged in the profession of teaching, and was for two years principal of the Amherst High School. His future wife, a Northampton girl, was one of his pupils. From Amherst he went as instructor to the Williston Seminary in Easthampton, where he married and remained several years. But the craving for greater intellectual and moral problems to grapple with was as strong within him as when a clerk in the dry-goods store. He conceived a desire to study theology and philosophy from the highest exponents of those branches in Germany. He went there and remained two years, returning with the necessary certificates to qualify him for entering the Presbyterian ministry.

While he was preaching at his home church to a congregation of fellow-townsmen who refused to take his grandiloquence seriously he was casting about for an opportunity to locate permanently. Dr. Seelye, who was then president of Amherst College, and who had a great liking for Parkhurst when he was an undergraduate, "now befriended him in a way that determined the fortunes of his life. Dr. Seelye secured a call for Parkhurst to a church in Lenox. At the same time he received a call from Pepperell, Mass. That was a critical decision. He accepted the Lenox offer. During his ministry of five years there he had many influential and wealthy New Yorkers among his audience in the summer. Through this means he received a call to the Madison Square Presbyterian Church of New York. That was ten years ago.

(Copyright, 1894, by Bacheller, Johnson & Bacheller.)

Compulsory Arbitration.

(New York Evening Post.) On many subjects that came before the Federation of Labor at its recent convention in Denver there was great division of sentiment, but on one entire unanimity prevailed. That was the question of compulsory arbitration, which was condemned without qualification. This action is in line with that taken by all similar gatherings, which speak for "labor." The feeling seems to be universal among workmen that a system which gave the government authority to force a man to work against his will on terms decreed by arbitrators would be practically a system of slavery. There is quite as much unanimity among employers in the view that it would be practically the confiscation of property if the government had the right to force them, at the decree of arbitrators, to hire men at wages which they could not afford to pay. So long as the two classes affected remain of their present mind on this subject it seems like a waste of time to talk about compulsory arbitration.

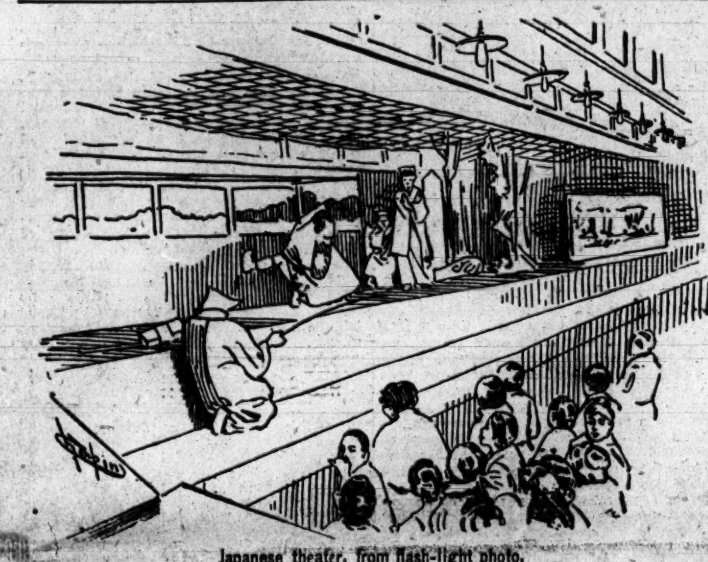
A Terrible Discovery.

(New York Weekly.) He. What? You can't go to the opera with me tonight? You promised to. She. I know; but it is impossible. He. Ha! I see it all. You love another. She. Oh, no—no, indeed. He. Then you have determined to trample on your own heart and marry some man for his money. Ah! You shrink! You expect him to call this evening. Perfidious—

She. Please, please don't. It is not so. He. Then why won't you go? She. I—I can't get my new coat on over the sleeves of my new dress.

Chicago's Missing People.

(New York Advertiser.) It is said that no less than eight thousand Chicago persons mysteriously disappear every year. The saddest thing about it is that, except an occasional creditor, nobody cares enough to make inquiry in a vast proportion of cases. Of course a good many are mangled beyond recognition at the grade crossings, but the number of positive mysteries is large enough to keep a score of detective novelists supplied with material.



Japanese theater, from flash-light photo.

their living and their dead received from the Chinese soldiers and mob. When they entered Port Arthur they found the mutilated forms of their brothers lining the streets. Archways of Japanese heads, with the nose and ears missing, had been built over the streets, and the horrors of the treatment received by the Japanese spies at Nanking were repeated again and again at Port Arthur. It must be remembered that this was the culmination of work which had been going on by the Chinese since the beginning of this war, and it is a question whether American troops under the same circumstances would have acted much better. Up to the time of the Port Arthur massacre, the Japanese had treated the Chinese with the greatest kindness. They had not looted the people, and the Chinese prisoners, as a rule preferred to stay with them rather than go back to their own troops and be starved and ill-treated. The Red Cross Society of Japan had up to this time acted with fully as much charity and mercy as it has ever done in the wars of Europe. It is a wonderfully live organization. The Emperor is its head, and the Empress has done all she could to aid in its work, and, as far as I could see during my stay in Japan, it received better support from the people there than our Red Cross does here. I saw one curious instance of the charity of the Japanese people in regard to it. It was in connection with Donjuro, the famous Japanese actor, who is as celebrated there as Henry Irving is in England. He is the Edwin Booth of Japan, and he owns the biggest theater of the empire. It is known as the Kabukiza Theater, and it will seat 3000 people. It has a stock company, I venture, as large as that of any theater in New York, and its nightly receipts often run into the thousands of dollars. Well, this man Donjuro donated the receipts of his theater

redeem them with presents of money at the end of the play. There are no ticket offices, and you get your tickets at the tea houses nearby. Ladies bring their fine clothes to the tea-houses sometimes and put them on there before they go in, and many order lunches sent in to them and eat during the acting. The plays begin in the morning and last until night. The shoes are all left outside in the hall, and on going in you pass by 3000 or 4000 wooden clogs which are marked with checks. The Japanese women go bareheaded, and hence they have not the trouble about theater hats that we have in America.

A CALL ON JAPAN'S GREATEST ACTOR

I attended the theater in company with S. H. Tokioka, who is connected with the household department of the palace, and with him made a call upon the famous Donjuro. It was between the acts that we made our way down under the stage and on through wheel after wheel until we came into the dressing-room. In some of these there were actors half naked making their siestas. In others they were taking up for the next act, and we had gone through about twenty, I judge, when we came into a little den looking out on a beautiful garden. It was a room about twelve feet square, and was carpeted with mats. The walls were filled with closets, and there were swords and different costumes lying about. In the middle of the room, lying on his elbow on the floor, was a long, thin, saw-toothed man, with as refined features as I have ever seen. He had bright eyes, a very high forehead, large ears, almond eyes and a very long face. His dress was the soul of simplicity. It consisted of a blue cotton kimono, which was open almost to the waist, and was about as near nothing as possible. This was the great actor Donjuro. He rose to his knees as we entered and bowed



Scenes from the seat of war. Chinese carrying Japanese heads.

for one enter week for the benefit of the Red Cross Hospital, and all of his actors threw in their services. They played from 10 in the morning until about 10 at night, and the house was packed. I had a box in the second gallery, which cost me \$7, and there were at least \$5000 in the house the day I attended. Suppose one of our greatest actors should donate the services of himself and his troupe to the Red Cross for a week, and you get some idea of what these actors did.

JAPAN'S BIGGEST THEATER.

It takes a big house to seat 3000 people. We have only one or two theaters that large in the United States, and we have none like that of Donjuro. It has no chairs, and the people sit on the floor in little square pens about four feet wide. There is usually a little box of charcoal in the middle of each pen for the light-

graciously in Japanese style. We got down on our knees and bowed our heads to the floor, and then sat on the floor and chatted for a time about Japanese art and acting. C. D. Weldon, the well-known American artist, was with me, and he and Donjuro had quite a discussion over art topics, and the great actor was surprised to find how well the art of Japan had become known to our famous artists, and especially to Mr. Weldon, who is perhaps the best-posted foreigner on the art of Japan in the world today. Donjuro is an artist, as well as an actor, and he makes me think of Joe Jefferson in his many accomplishments. He is a man of the highest culture, and he writes well in Japanese literature, and he writes poetry. He made some remarks as to the difference between the Japanese and the American stage, declaring in favor of the

THE SECRET POLICE OF RUSSIA.

How it Keeps a Keen Eye on Every Man in the Empire—A Service Conducted With Great Mystery and the Highest Skill, Employing Men and Women of Many Nations.

(From a Special Correspondent.)

NEW YORK, Jan. 1, 1895.—(Special Correspondence.) The St. Petersburg correspondent of the London Chronicle wired to his paper a few days ago that Nicholas II. intended to abolish the secret police. If the czar carries out what is thus proposed, it will be a long step forward toward Russian personal liberty—a much longer step than that which Boris Melikoff proposed in 1881, in the shape of constitutionalism, or that which Ignatieff endeavored to introduce, under the name of parliamentary government, at a somewhat later period.

One of the largest suites in the public offices of St. Petersburg is occupied by the Minister of Foreign Affairs. Almost immediately adjoining it are the departments of the Ministers of the Interior. Between the two suites are two small rooms, one an inner room opening into the vestibule, the other looking out upon the Nevsky Prospect. These two rooms are devoted to the use of the chief of police, "The White Terror," as he is called, and his



"The White Terror."

personal staff, consisting of a private, and two ministerial secretaries. The position of his office midway between foreign and domestic affairs, indicates to some extent the great prominence and importance of the position which the police occupy in the Russian government.

The police system of Russia may be divided into three sections. The first section consists of the ordinary "gendarmes" (the common metropolitan police of the cities), whose duties do not differ materially from those of our own municipal police. The second section, consists of the rural police (the *uradniki*, appointed by the State, and the *sotski* and *desatniki*, appointed by the peasants). The third section consists of what are called the political police originally instituted by the czar Nicholas to control corruption among officials, but now a vast organization having its representatives in almost every city of the world, and with its spies in every house, in every town, and almost in every family.

THE GREAT POWER OF THE POLICE IN RUSSIA.

There is no country in the world where the police play such an important part in the every-day life of the richest and of the meanest, the nobleman in his palace and the moujik in his hovel. They are the omnipresent and omnipotent regulators of all human conduct—a sort of incompetent bureaucratic substitute for Divine Providence. The legislation relating to the police fills more than 5000 sections in the *Svod Zakonov*, or collection of Russian laws.

The present Russian police force, with the Minister of Interior at their head, control, by means of passports, the movements of all the inhabitants of the empire. They keep thousands of "suspects" constantly under surveillance. They ascertain and certify to the courts the liabilities of bankrupts. They conduct pawnbrokers' sales of unredeemed pledges. They give certificates of identity to pensioners and other persons that need their income by the support of the State. They supervise the construction of roads and bridges. They exercise supervision over all theatrical performances, concerts, tableaux, theater programmes, posters, and street advertisements. They collect statistics and enforce sanitary regulations; make searches and seizures in private houses; read the correspondence of suspected persons; take charge of the bodies of persons found dead; admonish church members who neglect too long to partake "holy communion," and enforce obedience to thousands of multifarious orders and regulations intended to promote the welfare of the people, or insure the safety of the State.

THE MISERABLE RURAL POLICE.

The "uradniki," or rural State police, are supposed to wear uniforms and are armed with sabers and revolvers. The salaries they receive are simply miserable—from \$50 to \$100 a year for a private, and from \$200 to \$300 a year for a chief of the district. It is said that they are expected to make up their income by "bribery and corruption," and it is quite unnecessary to state that they generally succeed in doing this to perfection. Russian travelers tell very amusing stories of the great proficiency acquired by this rural police in extorting money from the poor moujik. Many of these stories have a certain inherent resemblance to the tales of the Arabian Nights.

personae was constantly reappearing on the stage in different clothes.

ONE MEMBER OF THE SECRET FORCE RARELY KNOWS ANOTHER.

In New York city, every morning of the year, all the members of the detective force, either collect personally in Superintendent Byrne's office, or are so near to him that he can summon any one of them before him and direct him to attend to certain important business. But in Russia it is not arranged in this way at all. There is no such thing as a daily marshaling of the police at the office of their chief. They are scattered all over St. Petersburg at their own homes. They are all the time "on call," or "on tap," as we might say; but it is only when a plain yellow envelope comes to them, making an appointment for their immediate presence somewhere, that their active duties begin.

It may be that they are directed in this manner by the chief of police, or by a district station, and get their instructions from the privy, or from some other inferior officer of the law. Or it may be that they are summoned to the house of some high official. The most extraordinary part of it is that nine-tenths of these secret police agents do not know who the person to whom they are summoned is. It is the policy of the whole system to prevent the dissemination of knowledge of their individual movements among its employees. Paulin, the most adroit detective on the force, disappeared mysteriously about a year ago, and nothing has been known of his movements since. There is no knowledge of his death, and although he was one of the best known on the force, it has become only too apparent how little he was known.

Now this is not the state of affairs in this country. The men and women of the municipal detective forces, become in time well known public characters. And, although their movements may be covered with a considerable amount of mystery, yet their faces are so well known to the public generally, that these movements must be achieved with extreme celerity and secrecy in order to prevent constant recognition.

SKILLFUL MANAGEMENT OF THE SECRET POLICE.

Of course, this ability to at once pick out and possess adroit and skillful detectives and have them perform services requiring the utmost tact and shrewdness without being known to each other or to the public at large shows a high degree of skill in the police management of the Russian empire. And this very fact that they never all collect together anywhere; that messages are sent to them in a secret way, giving them a mysterious appointment in this shows how admirably appointed in the service to best discharge the purpose for which it is intended.

In case of war between Russia and any foreign country, and much indeed in the form of preparation for such work, the services of this secret police force become invaluable. Scattered all through the large and small cities of Europe, they shadow high officials and diplomatic agents alike; obtain cognizance of the existence of State papers of importance; secure copies of such papers, if possible, or acquire their gist in some adroit manner; and transfer all their knowledge rapidly and



Type of cell in the prison of the Third Section.

with finesse, either to local officials of the Chief of Police or to that official himself in St. Petersburg.

In time of war there is also a certain number of the force drafted out of the main body to play the part of a Russian Secret Service, who live in arsenals, bivouacs, and beleaguered towns, and report to what is known as the head of the "Intelligence Service" of the Russian army.

HOW THE RUSSIAN POLICE OPERATE.

Much misapprehension prevails as to the exact course pursued in the detection and imprisonment of criminals and political suspects. Crime, as a general rule, is ferreted out by the common, uniformed gendarmes, but where the criminal is exceedingly able and elusive, the matter of his discovery and imprisonment is entrusted to the secret police. Photographs of him, if possible, are obtained and distributed broadcast throughout the em-

pire, and in other countries. His known haunts are hunted up, and watched. And the very secret organization of this secret police is an immense help in point of time.

When the criminal is captured, he is committed to jail by what is known as a "judicial process," and lies there until his trial takes place, which may be very slow in transpiring, but which does occur at last. If he is acquitted at this trial, he goes free at once, and if convicted is at once transported to the Siberian mines, or to some other penal colony.

HOW POLITICAL OFFENDERS ARE PURSUED AND PUNISHED.

The method of procedure as regards political suspects is much the same. But this is entirely under the management of the secret police. Some Nihilist is suspected of plotting against the life of the czar, or some high personage has incautiously given rise to the belief that he is in league with the Nihilists, or he may really be in league with the Nihilists; or some enemy of his, in high quarters, may "trump up" a charge of nihilism against him. Under any of these circumstances, his whereabouts are discovered, an imperial warrant is served upon him, and he is at once transported to that dread dungeon, "the Schumskoye." This kind of imprisonment is what is known as "prevention," or "preventive imprisonment."

The man thus imprisoned, be he high or low, lies for a certain amount of time in jail, just like the common criminal. But a time comes sooner or later, sooner if he is influential and later if he is not, when he is brought before the high official, and is then committed to the mines, or to some other penal colony.



Nicolas Panin, the crack detective of the Third Section.

cial—his judges, and either convicted or acquitted of what he has been charged. If convicted, he may be sentenced to imprisonment in this same dungeon, or he may be sent to Siberian mines.

If acquitted, and yet still suspected by the police, he may be sent to "Siberian town" by what is known as "administrative process," and compelled to stay there, though not "in duress vile."

THE QUALITY OF RUSSIAN JUSTICE.

There is probably just as much justice in Russia as anywhere else, though it is not unlikely, from the cumbersome nature of the machinery, and from the immense territory over which its ramifications extend, that its processes are unusually slow. What I mean to say is simply this, that in the vast majority of cases, those large and small cities of Europe, they shadow high officials and diplomatic agents alike; obtain cognizance of the existence of State papers of importance; secure copies of such papers, if possible, or acquire their gist in some adroit manner; and transfer all their knowledge rapidly and

When a man is unjustly imprisoned, either because the suspicions which he has aroused are unfounded, or because the charge upon which he has been seized has been "trumped up," the time invariably comes, quickly in the case of the powerful, and more slowly in the case of the insignificant, when that man has a perfectly fair opportunity to prove that he has been falsely arrested and incarcerated. And he is discharged. And if his accuser has been shown to have acted with entirely malicious intent, he is seized and thrown into prison, and has just as little mercy shown to him as was shown to his temporary victim.

WOMEN AND MEN OF MANY NATIONS IN RUSSIAN SECRET SERVICE.

The fund at the disposal of the Russian department of Secret Police is absolutely without limit. Valuable information is always acquired regardless of cost. The chief does not hesitate to pay fabulous sums to gain the sympathy and assistance of the powerful and of the trustworthy. The agents of the force are recruited in all ranks of life. They are the handsome and clever women of all nations are among the most efficient members of the service. Englishmen, Frenchmen, Spaniards, Italians and Americans all may draw their pay from the same source.

S. MILLINGTON MILLER, M.D.

Copyright, 1894, by S. S. McClure, Limited.

BEAUTIFUL HOMES

In Southwest Los Angeles. "The Marston" tract, bounded by Figueroa, Grand avenue and Jefferson streets; choice building lots in this tract for sale at reasonable prices by James C. Kays, sole agent, No. 400 South Broadway.

IF MY LAMP STOVE

Does not please you return it and get your money; "that's what." F. E. Browne, 314 S. Spring.

Chinese and Japanese

Carols, art goods, embroidered shawls, handkerchiefs, dressing-gowns, retailed at wholesale prices. Hong Lee, Importer, 505 N. Main.

TRY our Columbian lamp coal, \$8 per ton, delivered to any part of the city. Banning Company, No. 130 West Second street.

GREAT DOGS AND THEIR POINTS

The Points of Breeding that Win the Prizes—St. Bernards and Russian Wolfhounds in Special Favor—Bloodhounds and Mastiffs Not Vicious Dogs by Nature.

By John Gilmer Speed.

The dogs of fashion in America have pretty nearly all of them come to the United States by way of Great Britain. There are, to be sure, in this country, some distinctive breeds that originated on this side of the Atlantic and the dogs of the Indian villages are probably indigenous, aboriginal. Among the dogs that are American, in the sense of first having been produced here by a crossing of strains till there was a distinctive type, are the Newfoundland, the Chesapeake Bay dog, the American foxhound, the American bloodhound and one or two others. The coon dogs are distinctively American, but I am afraid they cannot be said to form a separate type, yet I do not insist on this opinion; a reference of this question to the members of Congress representing districts south of Mason and Dixon's line would probably secure some valuable and authoritative information on a subject of which the world is in the habit of regarding as a matter of indifference. The dog of the dog of fashion, the dog that attracts great attention at the bench shows, the dog that commands high prices, comes to us by way of Great Britain and in most instances is practically of British origin. Two of the dogs now fetching the highest prices and therefore occupying the positions of ultra fashion in the canine world, are not British, but are very fashionable in England, and had this not been, there is little chance that they would have found such great favor in this country. I allude to the St. Bernard and the Russian Wolfhound.

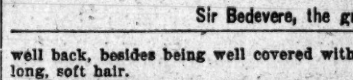
THE ST. BERNARD AND HIS HISTORIC ANCESTRY.

Both of these are distinctively show dogs, though under proper conditions, each makes a good and trustworthy companion. But at present they are bred and imported mainly for exhibition purposes and at the bench shows they never fail to attract a very large measure of attention. The romantic history of the St. Bernard surrounds him, even in this age, when his occupation is gone, with an interest that will not fall so long as we remember the good monks of the hospices in the Alps and their humane efforts to rescue the cruel snow-battered and bewildered travelers who had lost their way. As assistants in this kindly work of succor the St. Bernards dogs performed feats of sagacity and strength almost too wonderful for belief. But the accounts are so well authenticated, that intelligent dog-lovers cannot but believe them to be true. The railway tunnels and improved facilities for travel through the Alps have taken the occupation away from the St. Bernard and had not fashion come to his rescue the breed would probably have become extinct. As it is, there are many more St. Bernards in the world than when he and his kind were trained to perform and did so with the noblest work ever given to a dog by man.

In contemplating the history of the St. Bernard dog it is easy to agree with Cuvier that the domestic dog is "the complete, the most singular and most useful conquest ever made by man." What has been the effect of lack of occupation and training upon the St. Bernard, I am not prepared to say, though upon general principles and judging from the effects of like conditions upon other dogs, with which I have a more intimate acquaintance, I fancy the St. Bernard of the bench shows, the blue ribbon winner, is more symmet-

rically both larger and stronger. Indeed, many specimens are larger than the deerhound. He is more graceful in movement than either of these and in general appearance the most aristocratic of dogs. What is probably more to the purpose, he is likely to thrive in the American climate, which is fatally hard on many branches of the greyhound family. I am indebted to H. W. Huntington, master of Marlborough kennels of Lawrence, Long Island, for this description of the Russian wolfhound when at his best:

"His head is exceedingly long and narrow, his eyes full, round, dark and very tender. The muzzle is well filled out below the eyes, thus avoiding what we so often see in greyhounds, a snipy appearance. His work demands that he shall have great power of jaw and that his teeth shall be even and strong. A weakness before the eyes is greatly to be deprecated as it is also a head that is short and thick. Extreme length of face, with flatness on top and with perhaps a Roman nose, are qualities greatly sought after, though infrequently found. The face, indeed, the entire head, should denote strength, courage, mildness of disposition, and also possess that rare quality which among dog breeders is known as character. The ears should be small, of fine leather, set close to the skull and carried

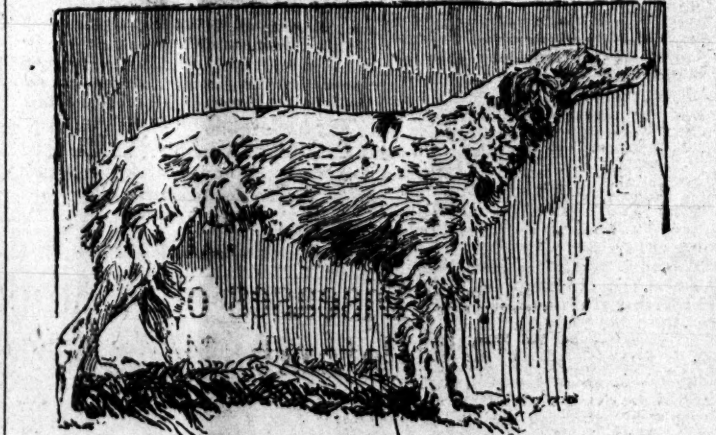


Sir Bedevere, the greatest of St. Bernards.

well back, besides being well covered with long soft hair.

"The neck is not generally as long as that of the greyhound, yet it should be of moderate length, well carried, and nicely set into the shoulders. The more profuse the coat is on the neck the better, and in some good specimens it is so excessive as to give the dog's head the appearance of protruding through a muff of long hair. The feet should be rather longer than those of the greyhound, but not played or with distended toes. The toes should be close together, well knuck and strong. The legs should be absolutely straight, of good bone, not quite so round as those approved of in the greyhound, but rather broad than otherwise. The feathering on the legs should be profuse. The shoulders should be well and obliquely set on, not heavy or loaded, but clear, thus giving free action to the fore part of the body. The set on of the ribs is a very questionable point. Some authorities claim that the ribs should be flat, while others are inclined to prefer a gentle spring to them, thus giving freer action to the chest and lungs. I prefer the latter formation.

"The back of both sexes should be



Modjeska, the prize Russian wolfhound.

cal of finer coat, of more delicate constitution and of more uncertain temper. If these assumptions correct the dog cannot have improved during the generations of idleness. But he is a great favorite among breeders and most useful of all dogs. The hind quarters should be broad and well developed, showing a wealth of muscles and sinews, strong and supple. The tail should be exceedingly long and cimeter-like, heavily fringed with soft, silky hair, which in some good specimens reaches to ten and eleven inches. The tail to the formation already described is a profuse and long coat of long, silky texture, a movement of body that is the poetry of motion and synonym of grace, an outline that is artistically perfect, a carriage that is once strong and dainty, and a head that is unequalled for elegance, and we have the Russian wolfhound at his best."

THE RUSSIAN WOLFHOUND THE NEWEST FAVORITE.

The newest favorite, and one likely in a year or so to be even more fashionable than the St. Bernard, is the Russian wolfhound. This dog was also introduced here from England, though within a year or so enterprising breeders have made importations directly from Russia, where the wolfhound is a great favorite, both as a companion and a sporting dog. In this country it is not likely that he will be useful other than as a show dog and as a companion. He is without doubt the handsomest of the greyhound family, and is at

its in this country, and his disrepute is in a large measure due to the scolding companies that have played Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin" all over the country for more than a generation past. Though Mrs. Stowe only mentioned bloodhounds once in her narrative, and did not bring them on the scene at all, they are a prominent feature in the drama of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," as put on the stage. Ambitious companies have a pack of dogs, and even the little companies that perform under tents, always have at least two. And most ferocious and forbidding-looking brutes these are. But they are not bloodhounds. They are generally some mixed breed—say a cross between a Cuban or Siberian bloodhound and a mastiff.

This prejudice by misrepresentation took the form in Massachusetts of a legislative enactment declaring it a misdemeanor to keep a bloodhound within the State. As a matter of fact the English bloodhound is one of the gentlest members of the canine family, and even the American bloodhound—hunter of runaway slaves and escaped convicts—is not in the least bloodthirsty. All the sensational tales to the contrary notwithstanding. These bloodhounds, both English and American, follow man's trail and find their game, but not to prey on it. A bloodhound would no sooner jump on a man he had found than a pointer or setter would jump upon the quail or partridge that had been traced by scent. The bloodhound is trained to find, not to destroy, and is therefore as useful in hunting lost children as desperate criminals.

A BLOODHOUND SUFFERS TORTURE RATHER THAN HARM A CHILD.

Up at Fair Haven, in Vermont, where Mr. Winchell has a kennel for bloodhounds and mastiffs, a bloodhound bitch was one day quietly sleeping before his sitting-room fire. His son, then 5 or 6 years old, took it into his head that the bloodhound's ears were wrong, and, finding a pair of scissors, determined to trim them to mastiff size and shape. He put



Champion Victor, the greatest of English Bloodhounds.

all dogs, its instinct being to protect life and property. How, then, did it gain this disrepute? Not fairly, it may be depended on. By some curious fact of nature, when the types of dogs are crossed, the progeny is very apt to have in an exaggerated form the best qualities of both types, and when neither type has had characteristics, then the progeny is very likely to show qualities of original "cussedness" of an alarming kind. Now the instinct of the mastiff, and also of the Newfoundland, is to save life and protect property, yet if you cross these dogs the result will be a mongrel of ferocity and treachery. And so the mongrel showing the masses information to some extent have bitten children and frightened women and therefore the mastiff type suffers in public esteem. It is wrong that this should be so, for the mastiff is the best dog of all to keep in the country, guard the house and keep watch over the children of a family.

HOW A MASTIFF RESTORED A CHILD TO ITS NURSE.

At Mr. Winchell's kennels there was a mastiff bitch with a new litter of puppies. A bitch of whatever breed with puppies is always jealous and dangerous to strangers. There was a little child visiting Mr. Winchell's place and the mastiff, being unattended by the nurse for a moment, pushed its way into the kennel where the young puppies were housed. Had a stranger man done this the bitch would in all probability have bitten him severely. But the mother left her puppies and, taking the child by the sleeve of its dress, pushed open the kennel door and led the child to the house to its careless nurse. Here was an exhibition of instinct in its highest and truest form, and every one who knows the purely bred mastiff will say that almost any good mastiff would have done the same thing. And yet many ignorant persons believe the mastiff to be dangerous and unsafe. This prejudice is probably only

evidence of delight that she should have succeeded in her task.

THE INJUSTICE DONE THE MASTIFF.

Another much-maligned dog is the mastiff. Every now and again we read in our newspapers that a child or a woman has been attacked and badly bitten by a fierce mastiff. We read such things so frequently that the unimproved public has, naturally, perhaps, come to the conclusion that the mastiff is savage and unsafe. As a matter of fact the mastiff is the gentlest



Champion Victor, the greatest of English Bloodhounds.

of all dogs, its instinct being to protect life and property. How, then, did it gain this disrepute? Not fairly, it may be depended on. By some curious fact of nature, when the types of dogs are crossed, the progeny is very apt to have in an exaggerated form the best qualities of both types, and when neither type has had characteristics, then the progeny is very likely to show qualities of original "cussedness" of an alarming kind. Now the instinct of the mastiff, and also of the Newfoundland, is to save life and protect property, yet if you cross these dogs the result will be a mongrel of ferocity and treachery. And so the mongrel showing the masses information to some extent have bitten children and frightened women and therefore the mastiff type suffers in public esteem. It is wrong that this should be so, for the mastiff is the best dog of all to keep in the country, guard the house and keep watch over the children of a family.

HOW A MASTIFF RESTORED A CHILD TO ITS NURSE.

At Mr. Winchell's kennels there was a mastiff bitch with a new litter of puppies. A bitch of whatever breed with puppies is always jealous and dangerous to strangers. There was a little child visiting Mr. Winchell's place and the mastiff, being unattended by the nurse for a moment, pushed its way into the kennel where the young puppies were housed. Had a stranger man done this the bitch would in all probability have bitten him severely. But the mother left her puppies and, taking the child by the sleeve of its dress, pushed open the kennel door and led the child to the house to its careless nurse. Here was an exhibition of instinct in its highest and truest form, and every one who knows the purely bred mastiff will say that almost any good mastiff would have done the same thing. And yet many ignorant persons believe the mastiff to be dangerous and unsafe. This prejudice is probably only



Champion Beaufort's Black Prince, the greatest of mastiffs.

temporary and in the meantime the breeders are making further improvements in their strains and at this time in Beaufort's Black Prince we probably have in America the finest mastiff in the world. (Copyright, 1894, by S. S. McClure, Limited.)

A FEEBLE WOMAN

suffering from nervous prostration, excitability, or dizziness, the result of weakness, derangement, or displacement of the special organs—will find health regained after using Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

The one remedy—standing solitary and alone—for woman's weakness, which is guaranteed to benefit or cure, or the money refunded, is the "Favorite Prescription."

A powerful invigorating tonic, a soothing and strengthening nerve. For women who are run-down and overworked; at the critical periods in woman's life—the change from womanhood, and, later, the "change of life"—this is especially adapted to her needs; for it strengthens, regulates, and cures.

Whether it's Catarrh itself, or any of the troubles caused by Catarrh, the makers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy will pay you \$500 if they can't give you a permanent cure. They take the risk!

OH! IF I ONLY HAD HER COMPLEXION! Why it is easily obtained. Use Potosi's Complexion Powder.

M. P. Snyder's Shoe Store.

CHILDREN'S SHOES OF ALL KINDS.

Red Schoolhouse shoes, in grain.....	\$1.25	A full line of kid button, pat. leather tips, for children, at.....	\$1.50	Small shoes for children at.....	\$.50
“ “ “ in kid.....	1.35	A full line of kid button, pat. leather tips, for misses, at.....	2.00	Boys' school shoes, grain, 8 to 12.....	.85
“ “ “ in sizes 13 to 2, kid or grain.....	1.75	Children's and misses very fine kid, patent leather tip, in hand waits at the very lowest prices. This line is the best made in the United States.		“ “ “ 12 to 2.....	1.00

These are the best school shoes made; have no equal for wear.

Be Sure You Inspect Our Stock; Our Prices are Low, Our Goods are the Best.

M. P. Snyder, - - - 255 South Spring street.



"O. K." MME. OLGA NOVIKOFF.

A Famous Russian Patriot, Writer and Diplomatist.

(From a Special Contributor.)

Madame Olga Novikoff will probably go down in history as the most prominent feminine Russian personality of the present time. It was mainly owing to her efforts that a great European war was avoided in 1878 at a moment when a recurrence of the Anglo-Russian conflict seemed imminent.

Among her most intimate English friends she has numbered W. E. Gladstone, J. A. Froude and Kingslake, the historians, and last, but not least, sturdy honest Thomas Carlyle who always had for the woman he called "the brave Russian lady," a warm affection and esteem. She has been equally popular with the more distinguished members of her own sex. Empress Marie, of Russia, the late Czar's grandmother, was exceedingly attached to Olga Kiriak, as she then was, and later in England she was a constant visitor to George Eliot's famous Sunday receptions.

HER GENTLE BIRTH.

Madame Novikoff comes of a well known Russian military family, both she and her brother (now Gen. Kiriak) were the godchildren of the Emperor Nicholas, but even as a child the now famous "O. K."



A Russian diplomatist.

was devoted to English-speaking people; she was brought up by an Irish governess, and cannot remember the time when she did not speak and write English with as much ease as her native tongue.

As most people know, Moscow was still largely, considered the capital of Russia, and it was there that the young Kiriaks were educated and brought up by their beautiful and cultivated widowed mother. Olga, the only daughter, gifted with exceptional beauty and talent, married at the age of 16, and moved to St. Petersburg, where her husband, M. de Novikoff, held an important official appointment. There she soon became the mother of her only child, a son christened Alexander, after the then Czar, and who has grown up to be his mother's greatest pride and comfort.

A few years passed by, and certainly nothing was farther from Madame Novikoff's mind than public life or politics; work, then came the outbreak of the Serbian war, and the young matron's favorite and younger brother, Nicholas, enlisted in the Slavonic cause. This youth, for he was but little more, had seemed to bear a charmed life, leading his men to victory again and again; his death overwhelmed his sister with grief, and inspired her with a wish to further the work for which he had given up his life. "Had England been on really good terms with Russia," she thought, "my brother would not have died." And so, since 1878, under the signature of "O. K.," for, owing to the fact that her husband's brother was Ambassador to Vienna, she could not use his name when writing on politics, Madame Novikoff has been a constant contributor to most of the leading Russian and British papers and reviews. Her efforts have always been directed to the forming of a strong friendship between England and Russia, and her first work, published in London, was called "Russia and Europe," and was a review of this pamphlet, once wrote: "Every Englishman should read this book."

Now, the days when "O. K." acted as a drag on Queen Victoria's government have passed away, and Mme. Novikoff is best known in Modern Babylon as a social and literary power in whose salon may be met the most distinguished of their birth, wit, or intellect, are best worth knowing at home and abroad.

HER PERSONAL ATTRIBUTES.

Madame Novikoff is still on the right side of fifty and looks far younger than her years. She has all the tact and charm of manner with which her countrywomen are generally credited, and had she not been born a Russian grande dame, might have earned fame as a singer. Lord Tenison was heard to remark that her soft, full voice might charm a bird off a tree; but she is singularly modest about this gift of hers, and those who wish to hear "O. K." sing one of the stirring Slavonic ballads dear to her heart, or must needs go to any one of the many London hospitals where she is a constant visitor.

As is nearly always the case with well born Russians, the subject of her speech was not the slightest sympathy, or indeed, toleration of the Nihilist movement. She is ardently loyal to the Emperor and Imperial family, and always declares both in public and private that the great mass of her fellow-countrymen and women are satisfied with their lot and the present form of Russian government.

Lately "O. K." was made directress of Russian prisons, and when at home she always makes it a point to visit twice a week the St. Petersburg prisons, entrusted to her by the Emperor, and she sings to the poor prisoners, and takes down from dictation their letters to their more fortunate friends.

A keen observer once said that if Mme. Novikoff could only be sent to Siberia to investigate personally the questions at issue between Mr. George Kennan and his Russian official critics, the results would be both good for Siberia and the lady investigator, for "O. K." has a kind heart, and would be the first to try and remedy the evils of which she so strenuously decries the existence.

Mme. Novikoff has nothing but good to say about the new Czar and his lovely bride, she knew the former during his boyhood and youth, and predicts for him a peaceful and prosperous reign.

In addition to the political work with which her name will always be associated, Mme. Novikoff has long been a laborer in the philanthropic field; thousands of starving peasants had reason to heartily thank her during the terrible famine winter of 1891-2. Giving up all her social en-

agements, she left her son, who is Governor of a Russian province, busily employed in organizing relief kitchens and hurried to England, where her powerful and pathetic appeal in favor of her starving compatriots met with a generous response. For the first time in the history of Novikoff family they mortgaged a portion of the family estates in order to prevent their tenants from starving to death. Mme. Novikoff's efforts during that long winter brought her into close sympathy with the people for whom she had so long cherished an affection; all prejudices were forgotten, and the lady who once enjoyed with the Tory party the reputation of being a serious and representative of the Russian government, was now only seen as an earnest and charitable woman who had left her home in order to assist more effectively the Russian peasantry in their time of need.

Mme. Novikoff had a long intimate acquaintance with Mr. J. Russell Lowell, during his residence in London, and during the season many Americans had their way to her delightful musical parties.

ADELÉ MAROC.

A FLORAL REVIVAL.

The Significance of Buds and Blossoms Diligently Studied.

(From a Special Contributor.)

Hunt up your old floral hand-books, for the revival of the use of floral language is among the latest fads of the gay world. When the mothers of those of us who are not too young, were buds and belles all the beaux were popularly thought to believe that "a maid is like a flower," and all the gilded youth of both sexes studied the language of flowers with more assiduity than some other topics that might have been more useful if less ornamental.

And now dressing society, that according to the optimists is really moving in an ascending spiral, has got round to the poet's way of thinking once more. Florists who cater to the Brahmin caste, and the high gardeners of large private conservatories say the demand for all manner of floral oddities has been slowly developing for some time, and now the hue and cry for special flowers' beauty and their sentimental meaning approaches a craze.

It's a fragrant notion, this of sending your daily floral tribute to your fiancé or sweetheart, that expressing varying language the ebb and flow of your affection. There are the tender blue violets that spell "love," and the white ones that breathe of "modesty." The albes albae are consumed with passion, and cape jasmine's speech is of "transport and ecstasy." Corchorus means "impatience of absence," dahlias, "forever thine," wood coral stands for "joy," and spindle tree, "you are engraven upon my heart." Ranunculus says "you are radiant with charms," peach blossom, "this heart," and myrtle, like the blue and costly violet, means "love" of an equally loyal (but less expensive) variety. "I love you" is the message of the heliotrope (Peruvian), and the tiny forget-me-not expresses "pure love."

Of course, there will be a quarrel, and the opening up of the room for a festive correspondence. With a spray of the pretty flowering dogwood, he will ask contritely: "Am I indifferent to you," and then tuck in a lot of orange blossoms, which mean "I desire a return of your affection," whereupon he should put in an appearance with a bouquet of lily of the valley, which signifies "I am not a hypocrite." Of course, she will reply with some jonquils, which mean "I desire a return of your affection," whereupon he should put in an appearance with a bouquet of lily of the valley, which signifies "I am not a hypocrite."

All the dear 398 friends of the betrothed couple have in their turn a practically unending list of flowers to select from, and mental messages for them. The rejected suitor, for example, may take his revenge by dashing the lady's happiness with a pang when she shall receive heartily the gift of the glowing American marigolds with their hidden message of "cruelty." Or perhaps he will be more merciful, and instead send some dog roses to speak of the coming of "affection," or orchids for "beauty." Or purple fuchsias will say "the ambition of my love thus plagues itself," while marigold and cyprus together will wall of "despair."

Now, the days when "O. K." acted as a drag on Queen Victoria's government have passed away, and Mme. Novikoff is best known in Modern Babylon as a social and literary power in whose salon may be met the most distinguished of their birth, wit, or intellect, are best worth knowing at home and abroad.

As is nearly always the case with well born Russians, the subject of her speech was not the slightest sympathy, or indeed, toleration of the Nihilist movement. She is ardently loyal to the Emperor and Imperial family, and always declares both in public and private that the great mass of her fellow-countrymen and women are satisfied with their lot and the present form of Russian government.

Lately "O. K." was made directress of Russian prisons, and when at home she always makes it a point to visit twice a week the St. Petersburg prisons, entrusted to her by the Emperor, and she sings to the poor prisoners, and takes down from dictation their letters to their more fortunate friends.

A keen observer once said that if Mme. Novikoff could only be sent to Siberia to investigate personally the questions at issue between Mr. George Kennan and his Russian official critics, the results would be both good for Siberia and the lady investigator, for "O. K." has a kind heart, and would be the first to try and remedy the evils of which she so strenuously decries the existence.

Mme. Novikoff has nothing but good to say about the new Czar and his lovely bride, she knew the former during his boyhood and youth, and predicts for him a peaceful and prosperous reign.

In addition to the political work with which her name will always be associated, Mme. Novikoff has long been a laborer in the philanthropic field; thousands of starving peasants had reason to heartily thank her during the terrible famine winter of 1891-2. Giving up all her social en-

MRS. GOULD'S SUCCESSOR.

A NEW STAR IN GOTHAM'S SOCIAL FIRMAMENT.

Mrs. Charles T. Yerkes, Late of Chicago, Promises to be a Leader in the Fashionable Set. Her Gowns.

NEW YORK, Jan. 1.—(Special Correspondence.) She is young, charming and beautiful; her gowns are symphonies, her hair is dreams—in a word, she is picturesque. Late of Chicago, who has not been long enough in New York to become identified to any great extent with its social life, but, to paraphrase a line from Mrs. Browning, she is touching with extreme fondness the circle of society, and already prophets have arisen who predict that the lady—Mrs. Charles T. Yerkes—will be the next social sensation—the leader, you like, of society. Then her gowns, dinners, receptions and balls will be the talk of the town.

A NEW SOCIAL STAR.

It used to be the house of Astor that ruled the fashionable life of New York; the Vanderbilts followed. Just at present Mrs. George Gould is looked upon as the bright particular star, and her goings and comings are heralded to the four corners of the earth.

In the natural order of things, she must sooner or later have a successor. Will this one be Mrs. Yerkes? Without doubt, and that she will infuse new life into society is another prediction. She is not only young, handsome and gracious, but she is also literary and artistic and believes in devoting time to study and the acquisition of accomplishments. She has a fine taste in art and discourses entertainingly and enthusiastically on the subject.

A GREAT GALLERY.

The Yerkes collection of pictures has already a national reputation, and additions are constantly being made to it.

The picture gallery is to be one of the most superb rooms in the new palace, which Mr. Yerkes will infuse new life into society is another prediction. She is not only young, handsome and gracious, but she is also literary and artistic and believes in devoting time to study and the acquisition of accomplishments. She has a fine taste in art and discourses entertainingly and enthusiastically on the subject.

The French variety is very dark, with almost attaining the blackness of the German species. It is found in loose, light colors, and is the most common of the French variety. It is found in loose, light colors, and is the most common of the French variety.



Mrs. Yerkes.

taille and Jan Van Beers. One of the gems of the collection is the portrait of M. de Yerkes herself, by Van Beers. It is an excellent likeness, and a rarely beautiful picture.

"Invading Cupid's Realm," a Bouguereau, which is a splendid favorite of Mrs. Yerkes, was exhibited at the World's Fair, where it attracted a great deal of attention. This picture always hangs in the place of honor in the Yerkes house at Chicago, where it hung in a room where there were no other pictures; it was lighted up from the drawing-room at the rear, and the picture was hung in such a manner that it could be seen from the drawing-room.

FIT FOR AN EMPRESS.

Mrs. Yerkes' own particular room—her boudoir—in the new house, is being finished regardless of expense. The decorations alone will cost in the neighborhood of \$25,000, and among one of the special features to be noted is the period of wood used for paneling in every available form. When finally completed and furnished with its rare hangings, tapestries, rugs and a sea-shell chandelier, the room will be a masterpiece of the art of the interior decorator.

HER ADORED POODLE.

Mrs. Yerkes is fond of pets and among her collection—why not a collection of pets as well as of coins or stamps for instance—is a French poodle of remarkable intelligence. This poodle is always with her, always out in the latest and most improved style of French poodle art, and he dines off silver, sleeps on down and promenades in a velvet blanket; violets are his favorite flowers, and the bunch sometimes adorns the bright lavender-bued bow which he wears. The poodle has had the distinguished honor of being painted on the same canvas with his mistress in the Van Beers picture.

HER FAVORITE FLOWER.

By a remarkable coincidence, the lady's favorite flowers are the same as those of her pet poodle—Parma violets—of which a profusion are always seen in her rooms at the New Netherlands Hotel, where Mrs. Yerkes has taken apartments until the lady's presence is a thing of beauty and a joy forever. The poodle has had the distinguished honor of being painted on the same canvas with his mistress in the Van Beers picture.

A GENIUS FOR COSTUMES.

Mrs. Yerkes is always perfectly gowned, black to repeat to her and extremely becoming to her blonde beauty. She appears in a new costume nearly every day. Her wardrobe includes costly velvets, rich satins, filmy laces and magnificent furs. The lady herself has marvelous taste and perfect eye for color. A French artist of renown is in receipt of a yearly income which runs up into the thousands; it comes from Mrs. Yerkes, and is given in exchange for the rare and exquisite designs which he makes for Mrs. Yerkes' gowns, dresses and costumes. Costumes for the street; dresses for receptions, balls and for the most elaborate occasions, are all of Mrs. Yerkes' design, and when finally the finished garment reaches Mrs. Yerkes' room, she is always ready to give it a final touch of her own hand.

MINNIE ARMSTRONG.

CHARMING CAPS FOR MODEST HEADS.

Caps that adorn the heads of women on the shady side of 50 are lovely in design and taste. They are made of a material somewhat, perhaps in concession to the fashionable bonnet that clings far back on the coiffeur and droops over the knot. The new caps adopt that droop.

They are built on a crescent of crinoline, carried back to a point, and fall almost to the nape of the neck, obtaining a

TOBOGGANING.

THE GAYEST EASTERN SPORT OF THE MOMENT.

Mrs. Levi P. Morton and Mrs. John D. Rockefeller Own Private Slides—Enthusiastic Tobogganers.

(From a Special Contributor.)

About New York, in New Jersey, on Long Island and through the northern country generally, the tobogganing season is just commencing. It is a most enjoyable and healthful sport, and is rapidly becoming popular.

There is a slide which is beautiful to survey; it appears to be about two miles from start to finish; it really is less than a quarter that length. At night it is brilliantly lighted with electric lights. The slide is divided into several chutes, each of which is about the width of a toboggan. This arrangement renders steering almost unnecessary, and reduces the risk of an upset or other accident to a minimum.

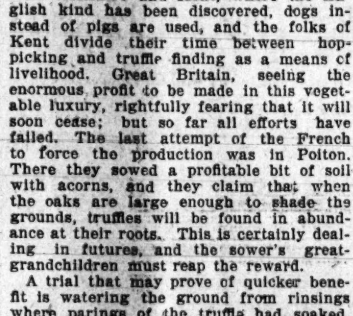
There are accidents, of course; where would be the fun without the spice of possible danger? Occasionally a toboggan, rushing down a hill at a tremendous rate, resists the circular sweep at the foot and refuses to be controlled. With a mighty bound she goes over a snowbank or a fence eight or ten feet high and lands in an astonished living freight possibly in an adjoining State or county.

It is exciting, of course. A rush, a drop, a struggle to hold on, then a mad dash to the bottom, and the end is reached. This is tobogganing, and the fun is fast and furious.

FASHIONABLES ON RUNNERS.

Among those members of the Tuxedo Club who take kindly to tobogganing, who are, in fact, enthusiasts, are Miss Fifi

Potter, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Brown Potter; Mrs. Fernando Ynaza, the Lords, some members of the Lorillard family, notably Mrs. T. Sherrin Talier, and the family of Lawrence Brees.



TOBOGGANING.

THE GAYEST EASTERN SPORT OF THE MOMENT.

Mrs. Levi P. Morton and Mrs. John D. Rockefeller Own Private Slides—Enthusiastic Tobogganers.

(From a Special Contributor.)

About New York, in New Jersey, on Long Island and through the northern country generally, the tobogganing season is just commencing. It is a most enjoyable and healthful sport, and is rapidly becoming popular.

There is a slide which is beautiful to survey; it appears to be about two miles from start to finish; it really is less than a quarter that length. At night it is brilliantly lighted with electric lights. The slide is divided into several chutes, each of which is about the width of a toboggan. This arrangement renders steering almost unnecessary, and reduces the risk of an upset or other accident to a minimum.

There are accidents, of course; where would be the fun without the spice of possible danger? Occasionally a toboggan, rushing down a hill at a tremendous rate, resists the circular sweep at the foot and refuses to be controlled. With a mighty bound she goes over a snowbank or a fence eight or ten feet high and lands in an astonished living freight possibly in an adjoining State or county.

It is exciting, of course. A rush, a drop, a struggle to hold on, then a mad dash to the bottom, and the end is reached. This is tobogganing, and the fun is fast and furious.

FASHIONABLES ON RUNNERS.

Among those members of the Tuxedo Club who take kindly to tobogganing, who are, in fact, enthusiasts, are Miss Fifi

Potter, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Brown Potter; Mrs. Fernando Ynaza, the Lords, some members of the Lorillard family, notably Mrs. T. Sherrin Talier, and the family of Lawrence Brees.



Making ready to start.

Potter, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Brown Potter; Mrs. Fernando Ynaza, the Lords, some members of the Lorillard family, notably Mrs. T. Sherrin Talier, and the family of Lawrence Brees.

The peculiar interesting feature of tobogganing is the clubhouse. It is quite as important as the slide. It is fitted up cozy and prettily; it is warm and bright; and often gay with flowers and other decorations; and here a jolly little supper is served for the merry coasters, with a dance to follow. A fancy dress party was given by the Lansdowne Toboggan Club of Montreal, at which the Governor-General of Canada and his wife were present. Something of the same sort is in contemplation by a toboggan club near New York.

TOBOGGANING COSTUMES.

Out in Orange, the members of the Athletic Club are devoted to tobogganing, and make good and constant use of their slide, which is complete, and as nearly perfect as a slide can be; perhaps the best of any in the neighborhood of New York. Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Summer, both are among the members of this club who own sleds and toboggan costumes, which, by the way, are always made of gay colors, in which scarlet predominates, with coquet little caps for the ladies, and warm gloves. Others of the Orange Club are the Colgates, Hydes, Fairchilds, Potters and Balrds.

At the Rockefeller slides are, one at the Rockefeller place, Tarrytown, and other at Levi P. Morton's, at Ellerslie.

As to the practical side of tobogganing, the best toboggans are made of oak or hickory, with the strips of wood beveled on the under side, and finished with steel runners.



That long climb up.

runners. These cost from \$15 to \$20, and hold five people. The toboggans are of all lengths, from three feet, just about long enough for one small boy, to eight and a half feet in length, the largest toboggan made.

At the Rockefeller slide all the toboggans have silver-plated trimmings, and are supplied with cushions made of corduroy.

DIANA CROSSWAYS.

NEW CALENDARS.

Some of the Pretty and Novel Time Tables for the New Year.

(From a Special Contributor.)

The year of our Lord '93 is scheduled in an artistic manner. The variety of new calendars is infinite. Four-inch porcelain plates mounted in box-construction skin and tipped with silver for desk use, red Russian leather panels, eight inches in length for a business office, slips of scented rice paper held by mother of pearl bands, displaying one's monogram in silver, are numbered among the novelties.

The goodness that has so long wearied the eye, in his expensive calendars, has given place to quieter and less perishable types. A calendar of etchings is now the vogue. It comes each month from the pens of artists in the profession, appropriately emphasized. One style has the pictures slipped into a broad band of leather, the corners clinched with silver. An ingenious young person who bought an especially dainty one thought it a shame to have seven of the set continually laid to oblige. To obviate this difficulty, she ordered a long, flat frame of cherry with

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Patented Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

each picture arranged separately. It is now hung over a desk to artistic advantage. Photographs from the old and modern masters constitute the novelties brought out by a noted book firm. The pictures are quite large and merit framing after 1895 has killed the world good-by. Those selected from the old masters are especially well chosen, representing Guido Reni's "Mater Dolorosa," Murillo's "Immaculate Conception," and others of like fame.

Japanese art has been imitated in a few of these time tables of the year, and the customs pertaining to the seasons in the land of the fan have been faithfully worked out.

Two specimens that bear a greater mark of individuality are reaping much popularity. One is the beauty calendar, designed and executed by a Southern woman. Its twelve pages of paper mache show the portraits in water color of a dozen Southern beauties, each representing a State. About the margins are drawn seasonal sketches. The winter months show slipper, fairs, fashions, opera glasses and the frolics of a fashionable woman. Tennis rackets, canoe shoes, oars and canoes suggest the pastimes of the summer season, and the whole is a collection to be desired, not only by friends of the charmingly-pictured women, but all who love female loveliness.

The sportsman's day accountants of the winter months show splendid dogs beam at you from their pages. They were done by a clever animal painter, and prove a fitting addition to bachelor apartments. These also have margin notes of the game in season, for the pursuit of which these dogs are trained.

JOCELYN DAVIES.

ECCENTRIC TABLE TOUCHES.

A Novel Idea Developed by a New York Woman.

NEW YORK, Jan. 1.—(Special Correspondence.) "How shall I decorate my table?" is the interrogation of many a hostess during the season of dinners. The empire reign has shown itself in numerous fashionable functions of late, where every detail from table-linen to flowers, including china and service, has been done after the Napoleonic mode. "But," said a hostess, known for her originality, which, however, never interferes with the glittering silver on the table, "I am tired of the nineteenth century. I am going to introduce something less modern. I shall go back into the eighteenth century and decorate my table with colored sand, paper mullins, and other things of that kind."

There are those who do not consider her plan advisable from an artistic standpoint. They hold that shining glass and bric-a-brac are essential to a dinner table. The hostess, however, is of the opinion that the only elegant accessories for a dinner table are those that are of the eighteenth century. She has been taken up, and whether it proves satisfactory is only a question of time.

The table of the eighteenth century is this: Some mythologic scene is represented. The palace of Circe, who metamorphosed Ulysses and his companions into swine. The palace in the center of the table is made of paper mache, delicately tinted to suggest a dwelling place. At each end an ivory statuette of a woman, dressed in eighteenth century costume, is seated. The table is covered with a white cloth, and the chairs are upholstered in red velvet.

Those who object to the colored sand are replacing it by arabesques of flowers, using white instead of copper-colored statuary and substituting small potted plants for the ivory statuettes.

For instance, a feast that was recently given at a home where the dining-room was admirably adapted for the purpose, was worthy of description. The room of dark, carved mahogany, with its Saxon architecture. The gloom of the oak floor was brightened by tawny skins of tigers and moose, and from the sides of the room hung a number of oil paintings. The table was set with a white cloth, and the chairs were upholstered in red velvet.

The table for the dinner was entirely denuded of linen, and polished till in vulgar parlance, you could see your face in it. The table really was a masterpiece of generation that could suitably be used, and I doubt if any was employed in those old days. In the center of the board was built a palace of Pomonas, from pineapples, oranges, green and purple grapes. The beds of colored sand were replaced by beds of flowers outlined with young greenery. Here and there gleamed marble statuettes. The light came from mid-floored, bowl-shaped lamps, where the wicks floated in perfumed oil, placed on the table. The wine was served from quaintly-shaped flasks of English pottery, and at either end of the table were loving cups of the same ware.

This idea could be charmingly followed out for "Twelfth Night," adding a great deal to the interest of the evening. The menu, and two candle-sticks placed on the table, six on either side. These sticks should be of iron or brass with chains, the shade omitted, and only white candles burned. In the novelty of this feast, there would be no question.

IDA RICHARDS.

Fruit and Grain.

(Chronicle.) Michigan farmers are said to have come to the conclusion that they cannot compete in grain-raising with Argentine, Russian and East Indian wheat-growers, and in consequence are going to fruit-growing on a large scale. One dealer in fruit trees has sold 250,000 trees within a few months, and the demand is still as brisk as ever. The chief inquiry has been for peach trees, with plums second on the list, and then pears and apples. Michigan apples have been of excellent quality of late years, and the apple orchards will have to be renewed.

If farmers in other places will bear in mind the experiment about to be entered

DR. F. L. FELIX GOUBAUD'S ORIENTAL OINTMENT, OR MAGICAL BRONZING PASTE.

It is the most perfect skin treatment. It is the most perfect skin treatment. It is the most perfect skin treatment.

Removes Tan, Freckles, Rash, Pimples, and every blemish on the skin. It is the most perfect skin treatment. It is the most perfect skin treatment. It is the most perfect skin treatment.

DR. L. A. SAVRE'S is a lady who will use them. It is the most perfect skin treatment. It is the most perfect skin treatment. It is the most perfect skin treatment.

Bath Tub, eighteen styles. Water Heaters, four styles. Sold all over the World.

Hot Water at short notice. No over 25 per bath. No smoke, soot or odor. No explosions possible. INDEPENDENT of your kitchen range.

FITTED WITH Gas, gasoline or coal oil burners.

Mosely Folding Bath Tub Co., 388 SOUTH BROADWAY.

Open all night.

Prescriptions filled at all hours of the night, and all medicines and drugs delivered to any part of the city without any additional charge.

Off & Vaughn, Corner Fourth and Spring Sts. Tel. 491.

Poland Address Bartholomew & Co. 215 W. First.

FOR-Rock Telephone 111.

C. F. Heinzman, DRUGGIST AND CHEMIST, NORTH MAIN ST., La Grange Building, Telephone 4.

40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

Notice.

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE stockholders of the California Portland Cement Company will be held at the office of the company, No. 145 South Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal., Tuesday, the 8th day of January, 1930, at 10 o'clock a.m., for the election of five directors for the ensuing year and for the transaction of such business as may properly come before it.

By order of the board of directors,
FRANK H. JACKSON,
Secretary.

Los Angeles, Dec. 22nd, 1929.

SKY-SCRAPING.

The Times-Mirror Company,
PUBLISHERS OF
The Los Angeles Times, Daily, Sunday and Weekly.
H. G. OTIS, President and General Manager.
L. E. MOSHER, Vice-President. MARIAN OTIS-CHANDLER, Secretary.
ALBERT MC FARLAND, Treasurer.
Office: Times Building.
N. E. corner of First and Broadway. Telephone numbers: Editorial 674; Business office 29.
EASTERN REPRESENTATIVE: E. KATZ, 187 WORLD BUILDING, NEW YORK.
Founded December 4, 1881.

The Los Angeles Times

VOLUME XXVII. FOURTEENTH YEAR.
MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS, receiving nightly from 14,000 to 16,000 words of
FRESH TELEGRAPHIC NEWS over 18,000 miles of leased wires.

TERMS: By Mail, \$5 a year; by carrier, 5 cents a month, or 50 cents a week. SUNDAY TIMES
\$2 a year. WEEKLY, \$1.35; six months, 75 cents.

Sworn Net Average Circulation Every Day in 1894, 13,358 Copies

Exceeding the net circulation of any other two Los Angeles daily papers.

Entered at the Los Angeles Postoffice for transmission as second-class mail matter

IN TWO SECTIONS—TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.

AMUSEMENTS TONIGHT.

ORPHEUM—Vaudeville.
BURBANK—La Belle Russe.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Do not depend upon the return of rejected manuscripts, but retain copies of what you wish to preserve your contributions.

PRICES OF THE ANNUAL.

POSTAGE.—The postage on The Times Annual—36 pages—to all parts of the United States, Mexico and Canada is three (3) cents, and to all countries within the Universal Postal Union, six (6) cents, the weight being over 8 ounces.

PRICES.—Without postage: Single copies at the counter or news-stands, 5 cents; 10 copies, 50 cents; 20 copies, \$1.00.

By Mail, postage paid: Single copies, 8 cents; 2 copies, 15 cents; 4 copies, 30 cents; 6 copies, 45 cents; 10 copies, 75 cents.

Plainly-written lists of names and addresses may be sent us, with the money, and the papers will be sent to any point desired.

THE RUSH FOR OUR ANNUAL.

Already nearly 24,000 copies of the Annual Trade Number of The Times, issued January 1st, have been served to the public, including regular subscribers. A large second edition will shortly be printed, and all demands will be supplied.

SENATOR WHITE'S GREAT OPPORTUNITY.

The question of supreme importance before the people of this portion of Southern California is that of a deep-sea harbor. To insist upon the importance of this question is like carrying coals to Newcastle. So obvious and pressing is the issue that it is understood by every citizen who has knowledge of current affairs.

The time for governmental action in this matter has arrived; in fact, action has already been too long delayed. The great and growing interests of Southern California are suffering incalculable loss by reason of this delay. The question has been canvassed and re-canvassed in all its phases. All that there is to say, pro or con, has been said over and over again. The time for discussion and postponement is past. The public interests imperatively demand that action shall be taken by Congress, without further delay, to give to the people of this section that ocean outlet for their commerce to which they are justly entitled. Repeatedly have the government engineers made careful examinations of the coast, and as often have they reported unanimously in favor of the harbor site at San Pedro. These expert official reports leave no possible room to doubt the feasibility of constructing a deep-water harbor at that point. The expense, as indicated by these reports, will be insignificant as compared with the vast benefits which will result from the work.

There is one man who holds the key to the situation. It lies within his power to set the machinery in motion which will bring about the desired result in the near future. Without his initiative, further delay is inevitable, with the possible defeat of the project. That man is United States Senator Stephen M. White. In his hands is the opportunity of a lifetime. Upon him rests the duty and the responsibility of taking prompt and decisive action in this all-important matter.

It is not within the province of any member of the Senate Committee on Commerce, nor of any Senator, to do anything in this harbor matter unless Senator White shall take the initiative. Overwhelming support can be brought to his standard if he chooses to lead. This has been true to a great extent from the beginning. It is more true now than ever. Unless he throws his earnest personality into the case, it will be useless for others to act, for their efforts, however persistent and earnest, would be of little avail.

If Senator White will take hold of this matter as he should, and ask—ask in the name of the people of California, whom he has the great honor to

represent—an appropriation for the improvement of San Pedro harbor at the present session, the appropriation will be granted, and the harbor at San Pedro will become virtually an accomplished fact. The Southern Pacific Company's lobbyists for Santa Monica feel this to be true, and know that with Senator White and the people and the press against them, their cause is lost.

Senator Ransom has less than sixty days of senatorial life left him, yet day by day he is directing his efforts toward a postponement of the San Pedro harbor matter. There is positively no reason for such postponement. Delay is confessedly in the interest of Santa Monica. On this point the people have fully and emphatically expressed their wishes in favor of San Pedro. By a vote of more than two to one the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce decided against Santa Monica and in favor of San Pedro, and thereby correctly voiced the public sentiment. In the recent Congressional campaign, no candidate of any party dared to assume a position, even had he been disposed to do so, against San Pedro. To have done so would have been not merely to have invited defeat, but to have assured it, so strong and unmistakable is the sentiment in this district in favor of a harbor at San Pedro.

A recent dispatch from Washington to the St. Louis Globe-Democrat announces that Senator Ransom's committee will, during the present session, ask for the appointment of a subcommittee from the Senate Commerce Committee to visit this coast, some time during the present year, for the purpose of "looking over the situation." This would simply mean further postponement, and further thwarting of the plain and often-expressed wishes of the people in this matter. If a subcommittee, or the full committee, should visit this coast, nothing new would be learned as to the merits of the case, which are fully covered by the reports of the government engineers. There is no need and no excuse for such a junket.

As before stated, it is easily within the range of Senator White's power to succeed in securing this appropriation at the present session, if he takes hold of the matter in earnest. Southern California has been neglected. It has had practically no public improvements. It is time for a new deal. It is the manifest and imperative duty of Senator White to press this question to immediate solution. He has placed himself on record on the right side of this measure. The Times does not mean to impugn his sincerity, but it insists that he is in duty bound to take prompt action at the present session, in conformity to his expressed opinions and preferences.

The case has come to the parting of the ways, and public interest now requires that the friends of San Pedro—that Senator White, above all others, upon whom everything depends—shall pursue the road which bears the telltale sign-board, "The Public Interest."

Rarely in the history of the United States Senate has that body refused appropriations asked by a Senator for harbor improvements within his State, when such improvements were backed up by a unanimously favorable report of a board of United States army engineers; and never within the history of the United States has Congress, save in one instance, reversed the report of a board upon a harbor site, and ignoring the board, selected another site.

Senator White has this great prestige back of him in the San Pedro harbor matter, and cannot fail if he sets about the work with that earnestness which he possesses as a Senator.

Congressional sentiment is reported to be strongly in favor of San Pedro, both in the Senate and in the House; but everything awaits the action of Senator White. Representative Cannon is fully committed to San Pedro, and may be relied upon to act promptly and effectively when the time comes. But at present the matter rests with the Senate, and the Senate will take no action until Senator

White elects to set the ball in motion. Will the Senator take immediate steps to give to the people of Southern California what they demand and are justly entitled to—a deep-sea harbor at San Pedro?

THE BUSINESS OF SOCIETY.

Modern civilization is many-sided and evolutionary. It has not alone to do with matters of culture and redemption, with art and science and literary advancement, but there is a broader and more philanthropic side to it which regards also the physical well-being of its subjects. An enlightened government endeavors to employ all such means as are essential to make of the children of the republic worthy citizens, taking them from the midst of evil surroundings and placing them where they shall be enveloped by a social atmosphere of order and morality. This the State owes to every child upon whom it would confer the rights of citizenship and political sovereignty. The long slumbering consciences of the people of our well-to-do classes are gradually being awakened to a realizing sense of the debt which they owe to the children of the slums, the little social outcasts which are found in every large city, who open their eyes upon an environment of filth and poverty and too often of crime. In European cities of late, great attention has been given to these vital matters, and the question of how to best house the poor and dependent classes has been given due prominence. It is a question which closely pertains to the public health, and statistical demonstrations leave no doubt of the fact that the death rate among families living in the close quarters of tenement houses is vastly larger than the average death rate for the community at large.

There is no question of such vital importance appealing to the philanthropy of today, as this question of housing this lower strata of humanity which is to be found in every great city, living in disregard of all sanitary laws, and in many instances, of all laws of decency and morality. Out of the cellars and underground apartments, from the overcrowded rooms of dilapidated and filthy tenements, where men and women herd together like cattle, come many of the evils which affect the industrial, social and moral conditions of the poor of a city's population. In many foreign cities we learn that stringent regulations have been adopted looking to the prevention of all construction in the future of houses built in violation of all sanitary law, and arranged for the purpose of housing men under conditions such as the wise farmer would not permit for his cattle. House to house inspection has been established in many of the old world cities to enforce the rules against overcrowding and other ills which exist, and which are detrimental to health. And in addition to this the authorities have gone so far in these miserable alleys, ways, where the life-giving sunshine has been found largely excluded, as to destroy extended areas of slum property, in order to extirpate these narrow, lane-like streets where filth accumulates and disease germs are propagated and little children die daily for want of pure air and sunshine. As says a recent writer in the Review of Reviews, "It is the plain business of the community to take scientific hold of the slums precisely as a farmer would proceed to drain and reclaim a swamp. It is the business of society to see that the streets are wide enough to let in air and sunshine, and that no houses or rooms shall be used for human habitations into which air and light do not amply penetrate. It is the business of the community to see that the best of schools are provided; that the children have some proper physical culture and manual training as well as mental and moral instruction; that playgrounds are provided; that criminal influences are eradicated to the utmost; that baths and evening classes, as the auxiliaries of ordinary school facilities should be placed where every poor child may have access to them, and that landlords are compelled to cooperate by repairing or destroying every dwelling which does not conform to a reasonable standard as to its arrangements and sanitary conditions."

These are the demands of our modern civilization, the justice of which every day sees more fully recognized, and when these demands are fully answered the world will witness a vast improvement in the social, industrial and moral condition of the lower classes. It is in the filthy dens of poverty that crime fattens, that men become haters of their kind, and dead to those better influences which prevail elsewhere. In the underground cellar where drunkenness festers, sobriety and hunger feeds on curses and blasphemy, and little children walk side by side with lust and infamy in the dim light where the sunshine is forever excluded, and the pure air of heaven can never enter, how can we hope to find the necessary elements for good citizenship? The civilization of today is beginning to realize that it cannot be found there, and that it is the business of society to regenerate the slums, and to provide for the children who are born amid their evil influences.

And now another substitute for the various substitutes for the Carlisle currency bill has been introduced in the House. It provides for the funding of the greenbacks and treasury bonds. But it does not appear from the dispatches that any provision is made for increasing the currency to compensate for the contraction which would result from the retirement of all the government's demand obligations, amounting to some seven or eight hundred millions of dollars. But perhaps the intention is to fill the void by authorizing the issue of wildcat currency.



(The Moon): "Where are you going, old woman, so high?"
(The Witch Carlisle): "To sweep the cobwebs out of the sky."—(Old nursery rhyme.)

A great Democratic financial conception, truly. When the panic comes on, and men are asked the wherefore of it, the reply will be, "It was the cat."

George Francis Train has bobbed up again with an "open letter," written on a postal card, to the Emperor of Japan, which reads: "Japan has dwarfed the battles of the Nile, Trafalgar and Waterloo. Don't be bulldozed by foreign nations who want you to divide honors." If this communication reaches its destination in time, it may introduce a new and uncertain element into the pending peace negotiations. It is a matter for surprise that Citizen Train has not started for the seat of war, ere this, for the purpose of adjusting the misunderstanding. There are some persons in the United States who could better be spared than he; but they are not numerous.

That reported scheme of the Executive Committee of the Republican State Central Committee to have the law changed by the Legislature, before the seating of the governor-elect, so as to give the Legislature enlarged powers in determining the election of Governor, will not work. The Legislature will doubtless refuse to have anything to do with this plan. And should it pass, Gov. Markham would refuse to sign the bill. Republicans cannot afford to be guilty of even an appearance of evil in connection with the governorship. The contest, if made, must be made and settled under the law as it exists.

From time to time we have had hints that San Francisco was in a rather bad way, but nobody imagined that the condition of affairs had gone quite so far as is indicated in a dispatch from that city printed in yesterday's Times, which states that within the city limits an old horse was attacked by a number of half-starved dogs and killed. It might be a good idea for the charitable people of Los Angeles to think about getting up a subscription list for our unfortunate neighbors at the Golden Gate. Why did they not let us know earlier that they were in such a terrible plight?

A Washington dispatch announces that Messrs. Cleveland and Hill have buried the hatchet and will join hands in an effort to rehabilitate, rejuvenate and rescue from oblivion the Democratic party. Messrs. Cleveland and Hill have the biggest job on hand they ever tackled in their lives, and it would not be surprising if they were obliged to call Dr. Wilson to their aid before the job is finished.

When the Lexow committee and Dr. Parkhurst get through with the New York police department, how would it do for them to tackle the Fifty-third Congress? Notwithstanding last summer's whitewashing, there is still a lingering suspicion that certain Senators were tarred with the same sort of a stick as was used on the Gotham police captains.

A company has been formed to build an electric railway from Merced to the Yosemite. The franchise has been secured and the contract let, so 'tis said, hence the enterprise is regarded as certain of fulfillment. A trip to the park by electric railway may not be quite so picturesque as a trip by stage or muleback, but it will be a deal more comfortable.

John Burns continues to tell his audiences how much better the conditions of life are in Highland than in Hamlet; but he doesn't explain how it is, if his statements be true, that so many of his fellow-countrymen come over to this blasted country to life.

A comic opera has been put on the boards, with Liliuokalani as one of the principal characters. Grover and Gresham ought to figure as the low comedians in this representation.

KINDRED WITH NATURE.

There's that within me which does ever feel its kinship with the earth—the wide, sweet earth.
Environed with its atmosphere of calm,
Its sky jeweled with stars and lit with sun,
And its broad, green lap silvered with rivers,
Their shining waters, and majestic mountain heights,
Capped with white snows or thick with wooded spires,
Rising till their loftiest pinnacles
Seem fretted with the ever-twinkling stars.
Then, hurrying, they dream at last upon the
Breast of Night, or waking, smile within the
Clear day, which bathes them with light,
As if new born, though great and vast as
heaven.
And the sea, spreading its pulsing deeps so far
They touch the Orient, where first man
Lay cradled on the breast of Time. Away
Their shining waters run, shadowed sometimes
With storms, then their wrinkled waves are
smoothed.
By fragrant calms borne from far lands of
spice,
From vales sun-lit, rose-filled, where bright
birds sing,
And the forest's sweet-smelling
Within the forest's stillness, the world
speaks
To me with thousand tongues that hide
within
Each leaf and grassy blade, each petal of
a flower, each bush, each tree, each perfect
Rounded grain of sand, and rainbow
drop of
Crystal water; within each pebble, so
Carved unto perfection, and each sunbeam
With its gold melted to fullest brightness.
Sweet are the things that dwell in the
In silver notes as they do onward run.
The harmonious anthems chanted by
The river's voice seem ever to repeat
Truths wonderful, as does the mighty sea,
And all the breathing winds, low-voiced as
love.
As they were living this fair life with me,
If somewhere I should be waiting for
Them, through which they might find the
Eternal.

I lay my ear to the warm breast of earth
As if to hear the baby roots as they
Front each earth's sapling into the air
Drinks in their fulness, rejoicing
Moistening their lips within the glad earth's
And what a beauty, how life-giving, how
Mystery of growth! How does life touch them
There, with the glad breath of resurrection?
And what a beauty, how life-giving, how
Mystery of growth! How does life touch them
There, with the glad breath of resurrection?
And what a beauty, how life-giving, how
Mystery of growth! How does life touch them
There, with the glad breath of resurrection?

Blade, and then at length does bid it pause in
Full completeness? You say 'tis Nature's
law.
But what is Nature's law? Is it some blind
Force hidden in matter, some unconscious
Agent that with unerring skill doth year
By year, and every day, and every hour,
Fashion me always the same in color,
Shape and texture? Is matter vaster in
Its skill than mind? Nay, then sayest, yet
look
Among the race and find, if so thou canst,
A man to form more noble than can create
A single grassy spear, or shape the seed
From which it springs, and give it strength
To grow.

You cannot. Then will you proclaim that Nature
is my Maker? The dull, senseless matter
can
Create when the tiny seed from which I
sprang? Nay! Behind all growth, all being,
Animate and inanimate, above
Law and law being, but the expression
Uniform of this controlling will—is
God, the Infinity, thy God and mine.

ELIZA A. OTIS.

WOMEN PERSONALS.

Mrs. Joseph Monarch of Peshtigo, Wis., is in her one hundredth year and is the mother of four generations.

Mrs. Grant Adams usually acts as her husband's amanuensis, and her duties are by no means light, as Grant Adams is one of the most prolific writers of the day.

Mrs. Catherine Stearns, who voted at the recent municipal election in Boston, has the distinction of being the oldest woman voter in the world. She will be 96 June 23 next.

There is living in Toronto Mrs. Deborah Brown, who records are said to show, was born in Maryland, August 10, 1776. A daughter aged 84 lives with this mother of 118.

Miss Julia Fremont, a French teacher, declares that the muscles used in speaking the French language are entirely different from those used by the English-speaking public.

Mrs. R. Ogden Doremus, regent of the New York City Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, was honored with the ambulance decoration of the Red Cross for her aid to Union soldiers.



When my old partner, Jupiter Pluvius, takes a notion to let go, in this country, how gracious, copious and excessive he can be about it!
Last winter I pined for rain for months, and made remarks about the dry spell that were hardly fit to put into print. But now, without hardly a pine or saying anything above a whisper on the subject of dampness, it has been pouring, sloshing and soaking until the Eagle looks like a drowned rat and everything. But my! my! what a year it is going to make—If!
Every stretch of valley is as green and gay as the lush meadows of back East in springtime, and the poppy fields are getting a good ready to burst into a bloom as yellow, or even more so, than the new style of painting houses about town.

With this famous telescopic eye, which is spoken of in large books, I can look afar and see the uplands taking on dresses that look like St. Patrick's day before breakfast, and the rolling hills that lie across the river are as pretty as dreams. It really looks to me as if Ma Nature was organizing a boom for this favored locality, and it is going to be difficult to stand off the valuable real estate sharp and the riotous brass band—two outfits that travel in pairs, as Los Angeles knows better than anybody.

Well, let 'em come! This blumful city has gone through one experience of that sort, and grew fat and proud and prosperous on it. If another one hits it, it will make it the metropolis, sure.

Speaking about yellow things reminds a fellow of the famous Arkansas traveler, who reined his horse up at the cabin of a native snuff-dipper or clay-eater, or something of that sort, and asked him among other things: "Mister, what makes your corn so yellow?" and received the response, "Planted the yellor kind," whereupon the native resumed the playing of that famous air which goes:
"Rooty-ty toot, ty-toot, toot, toot,
Rooty, tooty, toot, ty-toot, toot, toot."

If one should ask the dweller in the city of golden dreams what makes the houses so yellow, he would probably be answered, "We are building the yellor kind." At least it looks that a-way from this perch, for all around and about, out among the "swellers" or down in Dog-town, yellow houses vex the eye and splash the landscape in more shades than nature ever put into her poises—bright yellow, cream yellow, dull yellow, dirty yellow, brindle yellow, piebald yellow, yellow with white trimmings, cream trimmings, brown trimmings, yellow with olive trimmings, and just plain yellow without any trimmings.
And pretty soon the foothills will take on the golden tinge, when the glorious cup of gold gets in its free-hand drawing, then what a yellow layout this will be around here.

By the way, the Eagle bird needs a coat of yellow his own self!

Last New Year's morning the Eagle burst into song, in one brief stanza, about the famous maiden whose golden bangs were in a condition somewhat vertical, after this fashion:

There was once a lady singer went to
"Frisco for to sing,
And her golden bangs were sticking up
in front.
Her form was very shapely and she made
the rafters ring,
And her golden bangs were sticking up
in front.
But when she started up her song, "a-sa-sa-sa,"
she was shocked,
And right out of that theater they flocked
and flocked and flocked,
And Anna Boyd and Henderson, oh, silly
when they knocked,
While her golden bangs were sticking up
in front.

And now, Jane, they say "Aladdin" is tame,
And the chappies they are feeling fit to cry:

"Alas! and alack! Anna come back,
For we like that naughty twinkle in your eye."

A clamorous crowd has been making loud demands for the rest of the ditty. So here you have it:

She toddled out upon the stage, a smile upon her face,
And her golden bangs were sticking up in front;
She apparently wore gaiters to keep her clothes in place,
And her golden bangs were sticking up in front;
Of course she knew her business and could sing it "out of sight,"
Until the people called her back some seven times a night.
For being but a stranger there, 'twas right to treat her right,
And her golden bangs were sticking up in front.

She took all hearts in confidence, they liked her pleasant ways,
And her golden bangs were sticking up in front;
And all the boys she set into a kind of dazy daze,
With her golden bangs a-sticking up in front;
When o'er that singer thirsty got, 'twas some one's steady biz
To see that tuncful froth of hers well wetted down with fiz.

While every time her cheeks were made, "How unlike milk it is,"
And her golden bangs were sticking up in front.

But "Frisco of her artless song, oh! very weary grew,
And her golden bangs were sticking up in front;
They sat upon her manager, a-saying, "It won't do,"
And her golden bangs were sticking up in front;
And so that hair once down her back, now hangs upon a chair,
And the singer's doubtless taken on a simple, saintly air.

But you may safely bet you wealth she's mad enough to swear,
With her golden bangs a-sticking up in front.

But, Oh! Jane, doesn't look the same—When she left Chicago she was fly,
But alas! and alack! she's going back,
With nary naughty twinkle in her eye.

An indignant and able lady friend of the Eagle writes him a letter, protesting

against the rash assertion that "all women get off a car backwards."

Correct, they don't.
I frequently see them step down on the running board and trip off as deftly as could any trouper wearing that lives. But what the Eagle was talking about the other day was not the exceptions, but the rule. As a rule, they do get off backwards and go blundering down onto the pavement, with mused garments, lost dignity, heated tempers, and, not infrequently, contusions that hurt like the mischief. But the fact of the business is, a woman enveloped in skirts oughtn't to step off any car until it stops dead still. It is a most dangerous practice, as I know by an occurrence once right beneath this perch of mine. A lady who knew the front end of the car from the rear end, and who had been in the frequent habit of "getting off like a man," made the attempt one morning; her dress caught on a seat, or some other projection, and she was thrown down, and for a long time was laid up in bed with an injured spine. In fact, she is probably bed-ridden yet, although that was months ago. So long as the lovely creatures continue to wear the garments yet the fashion, except for bicycling eclectics, it is a safe proposition for them to let the gripman or the motor-man pull mine, or the fellow who wears the Bloomer, with "pull" enough to exhibit the sex, when they may safely exploit their agility, but meanwhile the Eagle implores them not to get off the car backward, even if it has stopped. For sometimes it starts again suddenly, and then—well, and then.

You know the rest!

THE EAGLE.

MINNESOTA.

Minnesota.
Golden-blazes,
On the plains of Minnesota,
Here is where the chilly north wind
From the land of Manitoba
Comes and blows right through your whiskers
And shines down your spinal column;
While your nose gets white and brittle
As you wander down the roadway,
And your ears stand out like wingtips
As you meet the chilling zephyrs,
In the State of Minnesota.

Minnesota.
Darn my liver,
Let me shake your icy fetters
And your breeze from Manitoba;
Here the cold blue yamints
And they skin the hairy bison
For the hides will make the clothing
To keep out the chilling weather.

In St. Paul they build a palace,
Build it solely out of water;
Stand the water right up endwise,
Stand it there until it freezes,
Freezes harder than blue blazes
By the breath of Manitoba
In the freezing Minnesota.

Minnesota.
Gosh all dried-cakes!
Please take in your wintry weather,
Till I skip from out your border
To a land not made of ice-cakes,
To the land of the blue blazes,
Where the breeze is ice-cream-laden,
And the bright and sparkling river
Waits around on its bosom
In its windings thro' the valleys
Neath the ever-dumb hillsides,
Far from frigid Minnesota.

NATURE.

The little lark, whose golden throat
Pours a flood of melody
Pleads out her song from effort free,
Unconscious of the coming note.

The bounding brook, whose ripples make
A music on its bosom
Cares not what rock its murmur made,
Nor knows where next its way may break.

The blossom in the meadow throws
Its sweetness on the morning air,
Unmindful if its eye be there
To mark the beauty it bestows.

'Tis Nature's hand of harmony
That falls on bird and stream and flower;
She plays thro' them her wondrous power,
And fills the world with melody.

Pasadena, January, 1895.

OUR DAILY HINTS



FOR HOUSEKEEPERS, AND PRACTICAL HEALTH CALENDAR.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 6.

Temperature yesterday: Maximum, 56; minimum, 48; cloudy.

The purer life draws nigher,
Every year;
And its morning star climbs higher,
Every year;
And earth's hold on us grows slighter,
And the heavy burdens lighter,
And the dawn immortal brighter,
Every year!

BREAKFAST. Oatmeal. Baked Beans and Brown Bread. Ginger Snaps. Butter Toast.
DINNER. Roast Beef. Quince Jelly. Sweet Potatoes. Canned Corn. Celery. White Bread. Pink Lemon Phosphate Jelly. Oyster Cakes. Grapes.
LUNCH. Angel Crackers and Milk.

At no time in life do children need judicious fathering and mothering more than when they stand on the threshold of manhood and womanhood, when they are taking upon themselves the responsibilities of adult life.

Buckwheat Cakes

"az iz"

Buckwheat Cakes

are made with

Cleveland's Baking Powder

Try the recipe.*

Cleveland's, the best that money can buy.

*The recipe is given in our cook book.

A copy mailed free on receipt of

Cleveland Baking Powder Co.,

81 Fulton St., New York.

A NEW DEPARTMENT IN DENTISTRY. NOT PAINLESS DENTIST, BUT PAINLESS DENTISTRY.

What at first appeared an Experiment has passed wholly beyond the Experimental Stage.

After some years devoted to experiment and investigation in the effort to devise or discover a method for painless filling, I have now succeeded in perfecting a method which enables me to prepare and fill the most sensitive teeth without pain, with perfect safety to the tooth, and to the absolute satisfaction of the patient. This method I have successfully used for more than two years. Read the following representative letters—many others can be seen at my office:

Dr. S. A. Beecher, one of the oldest and the acknowledged leading dentist of the Northwest, says:

ST. PAUL, Minn., Feb. 16, 1895.

It affords me pleasure to testify to the skill of Dr. A. F. Schiffman, now located in Los Angeles, Cal.

As a student—when he began his dental career in my office here in 1874—he soon gave promise of his ability, since displayed, both in his association with me and as established later in an office of his own. He succeeded in a high degree, not only in matters of general practice, but as an expert crown and bridge worker.

His new anesthetics, obtundents and methods of painless filling of teeth rob the dental chair of its terrors. Nervous, sensitive or delicate patients can safely and confidently rely upon the merits of this method, and upon his gentle and thorough treatment.

SAMUEL A. BEECHER, D.D.S.

Dr. J. H. Bryant, until recently a practitioner of dentistry at St. Paul, Minn., and one of the most eminent dentists of the Northwest, says:

LOS ANGELES, Cal., Nov. 28, 1894.

With pleasure I attest my hearty recommendation of the skill, ability and practical work of Dr. A. F. Schiffman as a "Doctor of Dental Surgery."

First, I knew when he entered the office of Dr. S. A. Beecher of St. Paul, Minn., in 1874.

In 1879 and '80 he was in my office, and conducted himself with gentlemanly courtesy and professional skill.

Secondly, ever since that time I have personally known of his energy and ambition to familiarize himself with all the latest improvements known to the profession, and has given his time, study and money to be master of his work. "Painless Dentistry" has been his aim of ambition, and today he quietly masters the hidden art and robs that terror of its dreaded thoughts.

And, lastly, it is always safe to employ as your dentist such a man who keeps posted with the rapid advancement of the age. Success is his.

J. H. BRYANT, D.D.S., 816 Castelar street.

Dr. A. F. Schiffman,

FEB. 27, 1895.

Dear Sir: I wish to express a few words of praise in regard to your new painless method.

I consider your method the most wonderful achievement in dentistry, and congratulate you on being able to contribute so greatly to the comfort of others. You did my work with such comfort that I cannot do otherwise than commend your practice to the public. Very gratefully,

538 South Main street.

MRS. T. E. ROWAN.

Dr. M. Hagan, County Physician, and a well-known Physician and

Surgeon of this city, says:

After witnessing the effects of the anesthetic agents used by Dr. Schiffman in his operations on sensitive teeth, I am unqualifiedly of the opinion that by his new method he can accomplish all he undertakes.

Dr. A. F. Schiffman,

Dear Sir: You did my dentistry more satisfactorily than any work I ever before had done, and I feel that it will prove more durable. My teeth are very sensitive, but you did not hurt me one particle through all the work.

I take great pleasure in recommending you to my friends and others.

Very truly yours,

MRS. F. M. POLHAMES (nee Dunn.)

THE ADVANTAGES OF THE NEW METHOD—Of preparing and filling sensitive teeth without pain may be briefly summarized as follows:

It will invariably produce the desired result.

And thousands of sufferers who never visit the dental office, through fear of torture, may now have operations performed with comfort and satisfaction.

It does not affect the general condition of the patient unfavorably.

Nothing like unconsciousness is ever produced, while the danger from "shock" and the painful effects of nervousness are greatly lessened.

It is of especial value in the treatment of children's teeth.

No duty is more useful and imperative in the care of children than that of attending to their teeth, and as the new method robs the dental chair of all its terrors, many children's teeth can now be filled and saved during the term of their required usefulness that have hitherto been neglected and hopelessly lost, because of the pain entailed in attempting to save them.

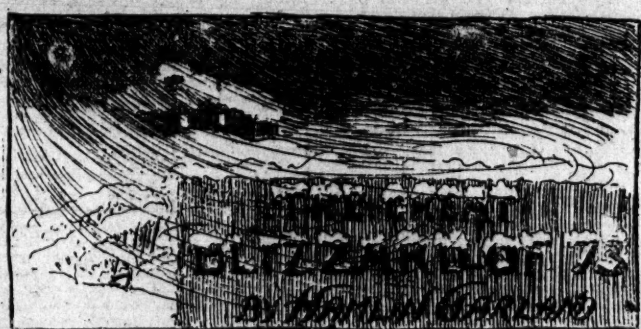
It makes a thorough operation possible, and herein lies its chief advantage.

Many fillings are lost because the decayed and diseased tooth structure is not thoroughly removed. The most skillful dentist cannot insert a durable filling if the cavity is properly formed, and very sensitive teeth are often not well prepared for filling, because the patient cannot endure the necessary ordeal. By the aid of my method, however, all teeth are alike insensible to the cutting of instruments, and the most thorough work can be done.

The relief from pain in filling has been peculiarly appreciated by such as are nervous or in delicate health, and by children.

I have spared neither time nor expense in preparing myself to practice my new method under the most favorable conditions, consisting of the finest, best and most modern and completely-equipped operating rooms on the Coast.

DR. A. F. SCHIFFMAN, Rooms 23, 24, 25 and 26 Schumacher Block, 107 North Spring Street.



[From a Special Contributor.]

In the accounts of the storms last winter frequent mention was made of the great blizzard of '78, and some short descriptions given in the papers carried me into the very heart of that frightful tempest, and caused me to relive, in the most vivid manner the whole of the three years' experience. I have been in many similar storms of snow, but never in any which had the same sustained, inexorable fury.

As a matter of fact, a blizzard on the shore corresponds to a tempest on the sea, which never affects the sailor twice exactly like. Each norther seems to have a character of its own; one may be short, sharp, ghastly and spiteful; another slow, steady, relentless, wearing out the piled people by day after day of stormy weather, while another would be simply appalling with the suddenness and infinite might of its snow and the intensity of its cold.

Then again each storm has its special mode of attack. One threatening, muttering and lowering for days, while another, as "The Great Blizzard," leaps like a alking tiger on the traveler. It is this form which is so destructive to life. Coming almost instantly out of a clear sky, it is the traveler far from home, the children at school and the husbandman unprepared for the assault. Such was the character of the blizzard in February, 1878.

All day on that memorable date the

seated beside them, on the way to the stores of the neighboring town.

All day, until 3:30, the sun shone merrily and the eaves dripped merrily. The windows to the south were open and the children played without mittens. But a quarter to four the scholars on the north side of the room looking out saw a wide, seamless, gigantic dome of slaty-blue cloud rising, swift, ominous and noiseless, sweeping on to the south like the shadow of night. At its upper edges there was a beautiful fringe of silver-white vapor, which was in motion, wavering to and fro, shimmering like frost. But the mass of the cloud had a dense, sinister look.

At 4 o'clock the sun was still shining, but the edge of the cloud had crept, or more properly, shot across the sun's disk and its light was growing pale and cold. In a few minutes more the wind from the south ceased—there was a moment of breathless pause—and then, borne on a powerful north wind, the streaming clouds swept upon us. Large flakes of snow, damp and wide-winged, drove in a level line into the face of the traveler, sticking to the clothing and cheek and melting rapidly. It was not yet cold enough to freeze, but the thermometer must have been rapidly falling. We dashed home, merry with the beautiful snow.

By the time we had reached home, a half mile away, the wind was a gale, the snow a vast blinding cloud, driving through the air with a peculiar night whispering murmur, eddying and scurrying in fantastic and beautiful lines as the wind sported with it. Darkness came on almost instantly, and the wind constantly

pillars, and father, in his great coat, looked like a polar bear. We thought it could not last, coming from that quarter. As we were rubbing the ice from the forelocks of the tired horses, the men predicted that we were in for an all-night storm. The hired man said that he never'd seen it snow so fast but once before. We youngsters enjoyed the strangeness of it all, the impenetrableness of the cloud of snow, the dancing of the lanterns, the whirl of the flakes in the red light, which streamed from the barn door, and the brisk, excited talk of the men.

Teams went by with wood, the shouting drivers, sitting on the leeward side of their load, leaving the horses to find the road. Just as we were about starting for the house a team drove into the yard containing three persons.

morning I realized how mistaken I had been. No words of mine can describe the steady, solemn, implacable roar of that storm. Imagine all the roarings of the lions of Africa, the hissing of a wilderness of serpents, the lashings of great steel and the wails of a hundred women, all commingled in one ceaseless, unrelenting, rushing, diffusive, all-surrounding roar and you may rise half way to the reality of that voice. It benumbed the brain; it appalled the heart as no other force I have ever met could have done. The sea itself in its mightiest moments could not be more absolutely horrifying.

The house shook and snapped; the snow beat in muffled rhythmic pulsations against the walls, or swirled and lashed upon the roof like the snarl of the ocean on a gravelly beach, while the hurrying streams

That day we mainly spent in keeping warm and feeding the stock in the barn, which we reached by desperate dashes during some momentary relenting in the tempest. We attempted to water the horses and cows, but the wind blew the water from the pail and froze it instantly on everything it touched. In the house it became more and more difficult to put a cheerful construction upon the outlook, notwithstanding we had fuel in abundance.

Oh, that terrible day! Hour after hour we listened to that prodigious, appalling, ferocious wind. All day we moved restlessly to and fro, seeking each other "well it ever end?" We had the same sensations which the sailor has when the roused ocean seems too vast and too unmanageable to be tamed by the human hand.

On the third day we rose with weariness and looked into each other's faces with a sort of horrified surprise. Not the invincible fear of father nor the cheery good nature of the mother could keep a gloomy silence from settling down upon us. Conversation was scanty, and I do not remember that anyone laughed during the whole of that day, as we listened anxiously to the wind tearing at the shingles, beating at the door and shrieking around the eaves.

The frost upon the windows thickened as the room was dark at night. It grew dark at 3 o'clock and the lamps were lighted. The women sat with averted faces and wide-open, musing eyes, full of unshed tears, their sympathy going out to the poor travelers on the wild prairie or foundering in the deep drifts of the gullies.

That night, so disturbed had we become, we lay awake until nearly midnight, listening, praying that the storm might cease, waiting for some sign to tell that the wind had reached its height.

Shortly after midnight I noticed that the room was no longer so relatively steady and high-keyed. There were moments of lull, a distinct easing away, and though it returned to its attack almost immediately, its fury was plainly becoming spasmodic. I heard an exultant voice from below cry out, "The storm is over!" and then everybody sank into deep sleep from sheer relief.

It is impossible to express the joy with which we melted the ice from the windows the next morning and looked out on the familiar landscape, peaceful, dazzling under the brilliant sun and sky. We greeted it with a sort of frenzy as if we had given it up for lost. The wide plain ridged with drifts and the far blue line of timber looked familiar but desolate. The neighboring cottages sent up a cheerful column of smoke as if to tell us the people were alive, but the sound of the wind seemed with us still, so long and so continuously had it howled in our ears, that even in a perfect calm the imagination was constrained to supply its loss with fainter fancied roarings.

It is impossible to never forget those days, and the sound of that wind will never leave me. What it must have been on the open plain was awful to think of. Those prairie fires, so bright and beautiful in the summer that you seem adrift on a flowery sea, under skies of perpetual blue—those wide wastes when the north was abroad in his wrath, were as pitiless and destructive as the Northern ocean. Nothing lived there unharmed—all was at the mercy of the north wind, whom only the great Lord Sun could tame.

HAMLIN GARLAND.

(Copyright, 1894, by Bacheller, Johnson & Bacheller.)

THROUGH SAN GABRIEL VALLEY. Mt. Lowe Railway Tally-Ho Line.

Most Beautiful and Comfortable Coach Ride on the Pacific Coast.



MOUNT LOWE RAILWAY TALLY-HO LINE.

Will begin its regular trips (running every fair day) between Los Angeles and Altadena Junction on Monday morning, January 7, connecting with special car at Altadena Junction for all points on the Mount Lowe Railway and Bridge roads, as follows: Leaving the company's office, corner Third and Spring streets, Los Angeles at 9 a.m., passing through Los Angeles to East Lake Park direct to the San Gabriel Valley winery, the largest in the world, through the beautiful village of Altadena, past the Raymond Hotel, through Pasadena by way of the Grand Opera-house, passing the principal hotels and public buildings to Altadena Junction, arriving at Altadena Junction at 10 o'clock. Echo Mountain at 11:30, in ample time for dinner. (For wonderful scenes and points of interest, read Echo Mountain House advertisement in this paper.) Returning leave Echo Mountain at 3 o'clock. Altadena Junction at 3:30, passing by the beautiful homes in Altadena, including those of Andrew McNally and Col. G. G. Green, passing through another portion of Pasadena, taking in Colorado Street, the business center, and the celebrated Orange Grove avenue, through South Pasadena, Lincoln Park, Garvanza, Highland Park, Sycamore Grove, East Los Angeles and Los Angeles, delivering passengers at the principal hotels and the company's office.

Tickets by this line and by the railway will be good for any length of time, allowing the holders to remain at Echo Mountain House days, weeks or months.

For railway connections to Echo Mountain and Mount Lowe see Terminal and Mount Lowe railways time card.

Fare, round trip from Los Angeles to Altadena Junction, \$2.

Fare, round trip from Pasadena to Altadena Junction, \$1.50.

Book your names by calling at the company's office, Stimson Block, corner Third and Spring streets, Los Angeles, Telephone 313, or at Main office, Pasadena, Grand Opera House Block. Telephone 78.

FOR EXCHANGE.

California Orange Land

A beautiful tourist Hotel furnished throughout and full of guests, with free water and incandescent lights, two fine orange groves in bearing and a nursery of 50,000 budding orange and lemon trees and water-right conveyed in steel, vitrified and cement pipes over nearly all of the tract. The price for the whole property for a few weeks, will be

\$60,000

at least.

Also, an undivided one-half interest in over 100 acres of the very best land for oranges, lemon and all other fine fruits in the state, with the best water and water-right conveyed in steel, vitrified and cement pipes over nearly all of the tract. The price for the whole property for a few weeks, will be

\$115,000

only. This land sells in ten-acre pieces at \$10 to \$20 per acre. This tract of land is interspersed with magnificent orange, lemon, olive, apricot and peach groves, in bearing, on an and twenty-acre pieces already sold out of the tract, Church, schools, stores, telegraph, express and post office, two railroad stations (and about nine daily trains to and from Los Angeles) and many beautiful homes in the town adjoining this land. This little town can boast of having the prettiest and healthiest location, best and highest-priced fruits, water and view, cheapest power, best train service of any place in Southern California, and only three miles from the center of the grandest and loveliest town of 4,000 inhabitants in this or any other State.

When you write describe your property fully, and I will send maps and all particulars.

Address W. P. MINTOSH, 206 and 307 Broadway Block, Los Angeles, Cal.



The logs looked like pillars of snow.

neighbors in their sleighs streamed by the schoolhouse where we youngsters sat listening "wisely" to the music of the bells. Every one was tempted out by the brilliant sunshine and the warm south wind. Farmers went by with woodracks, bound for the timber, which grew along the river several miles below. Others jingled past in light sleighs, with their wives

increased in power. We now felt its seriousness, and hurried to finish the chores. When the men returned about 5 o'clock, the familiar faces of the horses were lost in their thick coating of ice and snow. Icicles of frozen foam hung from their lips, their manes and tails were a clumsy mass of half-melted snow. The load of wood was a mountain of stainless snow.

of snow gave rise to strange multitudinous, anomalous sounds, now dim and far, now near and all-surrounding, producing an effect of mystery and infinite reach as though the house were a helpless ship tossed on a limitless angry sea.

Looking out there was nothing to be seen save the lashing of the wind and snow, which had now attained the inconceivable velocity of ninety miles an hour. It was impossible to see twenty feet save at long intervals—indeed one could not see at all facing the storm; the eyes would have been destroyed. As we stepped out into the wind the face was coated with ice and dirt as if by a dash of mud, a mask which blinded the eyes and froze the cheek in a few seconds.

Such was the force of the wind that a strong man could not breathe with his mouth unprotected. The mouth being once open the breath seemed swept away and the power of the lungs to inhale lost.

Burns. FOR MAN Bruises
MUSTANG LINIMENT
Rheumatism. AND BEAST. Stiff Joints

Don't put off till tomorrow the duties of today. Buy a cake of

SAPOLIO

Can Hypnotism Restore the Sense of Hearing?

Professor Currier, of the New York State Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb, Declares Over His Own Signature His Belief in Its Powers—He Invites Experiment.

(From a Special Contributor.)

There is no man in America, if in the world, better able from experience and research to speak concerning the work of the improvement of the condition of the deaf and dumb than is Prof. Enoch Henry Currier, M. A., the principal of the great New York Institution for the instruction of the Deaf and Dumb. This institution, which is, in a large sense, a State affair, is rich, its buildings are commodious and splendidly planned, and, better than all, a spirit of liberality pervades its instructors and board of directors, and this liberal spirit has resulted in making it a pioneer in the development of methods for the betterment of the condition of the deaf and dumb. From this institution it was that the world first learned how an individual born deaf and consequently dumb could be taught to hear and speak, and now comes another discovery promising to be the greatest of all. Prof. Currier openly asserts over his signature that he is willing that hypnotism shall be given a full opportunity to demonstrate what can

Currier, addressing me, "I will blindfold this man, so that he can receive no intelligence as to the kind of instrument through the observation of the eye." A bandage was placed tightly about Mr. Jones's eyes. I picked up a guitar and touched its strings.

"What music do you hear?" asked Prof. Currier.

There was a smile on the features of Mr. Jones, as he answered: "It is the music of the guitar."

"Well," said I, after Mr. Jones had retired, "this is all very interesting, but what is it all about? You do not mean to tell me that this man is under hypnotic influences, do you?"

"Wait and hear," said Prof. Currier.

"This man, Charles Jones, is now 40 years old. He was born deaf as a stone. For twenty-eight years no sound ever reached his brain through the vibrations of the tympanum of the ear conducted by the delicate auditory nerves to the mind. Deafness was accompanied, as is always the case in such instances, with dumbness as well. Being unable to hear and comprehend spoken language, the vocal cords, which, as you well know, are but the parrots of the ear, were never able to form

French savants ridiculed me. They would have none of it. The German investigators—Gottschalk, them! They are ready to give a willing ear where honest thought and effort are themselves—labeled, experimented, and today are producing the same results which I have shown to you in the case of Mr. Jones. Success converted the skeptical Frenchman, and now the same work is being successfully done in the institutions of Paris. All this has happened, mind you, within twelve years. Today the deaf mutes are reaping the benefits of this discovery in Australia, Europe, India and every place in which the civilization of the age has planted its foot. No, my friend, we have reached a period in the progress of events when we cannot afford to be too skeptical. Do not cry absurd. It is absurd to say absurd. If one tells you that the moon is made of green cheese, and that the stars are heaven's fireflies, do not answer absurd. Rather exclaim, 'prove it.'"

"Pardon the parenthesis," continued Prof. Currier, "we will now return. We have shown that here and there, in the institutions of the paralyzed auditory nerves which are susceptible to development by exercise. What we want, then, is knowledge as to the nature of the faculties that can be developed the most rapidly and the most successfully. Now, let us see what hypnotism will do. I am not a master of hypnotism, and I am not a student of it, but I have been able to utilize the ability to produce these results myself. I speak, therefore, as one who accepts the known results of recognized hypnotic experiments and is only to learn how similar experiments may be utilized successfully in the work of assisting in the development of the latent sensibilities of this slumbering nerve. Now, mark me, I rather than the other, will acknowledge that infinitely greater results follow where the method of exercising any stunted muscle or nerve of the system is rather than the other. If you can exercise the muscle or nerve yourself much more is to be hoped for than if the exercise was forced to be conveyed to an external artificial way. I can send a communication over a sleeping nerve from the source from which the communication should by nature's laws emanate. I thereby give the nerve a bit of exercise which will tingle it into activity and usefulness with much more rapidity, and with much better permanent results, than would be the case by forcing it into exercise by the use of artificial means from without. Now, will hypnotism do this? Let us see. All those who are familiar with the subject, tell me that the hypnotic operator has while the subject is in the hypnotic sleep, absolute control of the mind of the subject. Now, do you see what I am driving at? We are forced to operate now in exercising the paralyzed nerve of the deaf mute, while the brain is busy with the other senses, and the nerves of vision are busy tickling our nerves as to what the eye sees, and the brain is replying what to do about it, and what to look at next. The sense of touch is engaged in the same way, and the taste is sending their little paragraphs of news, and the wonderfully-busy brain up there near the cranium must record all the messages it receives, and go on sending its replies. Only the nerves of hearing cause this. The hypnotic operator, as soon as he places the patient in the hypnotic sleep, does not stop there.

"Why he proceeds at once to give orders to the nerves of taste and touch and sight and smell to go on a vacation. 'Take rest, I shall speak to you again,' he says to these nerves. 'When I do I will call you.' And then—why, you see it all, of course. The entire energy of the brain let from its occupation with the other senses is put to work to bring this nerve of audience a command that shall wake it from its lethargy. 'Wake up, you lazy rascal,' says the concentrated brain power setting under the command of the operator; 'what do you mean by sleeping when all your comrades are at work.' See, I have given them a rest in order that I may give you the fogging your worthlessness deserves. Wake up and busy yourself with the work for which you were brought into existence. You were born a cripple, you plead, eh? Oh, you only need to have your legs limbered up. Come, hop, skip, jump; there, don't you like it? Why, already I have brought you a bicycle, the winter we had all married an' we had been ready in the uv a great foreign warrior named Cyrus that lived a long spell ago."

"Land uv Goshen, Bill!" sez I, "you don't reckon the baby'll ever get to be a warrior?"

"Well, I don't know about that," sez Bill. "There's no tellin'." At any rate, Cyrus' doctin has an uncommon sound for a name, so Cyrus it must be, an' we he's years old, I'll give him the finest Morrell coat in the deestrick."

"So we call uv him Cyrus," he grew up lovin' and bein' loved by everybody. Well, along about two years or, say, eighteen months or so—after Cyrus some to us a little girl named Cyrus, sweet little things you ever seen that little girl baby was the cuttiest an' sweetest! Looked just like one of the foreign crockery pink an' white, with big brown eyes here, an' a teeny, weeny mouth here, an' a nose an' ears, you'd have he's a fragile. Never dar'd hold her for fear I'd break her, an' it liked to skeered me to death to see the way Marthy an' Lizzie would kind uv me called her round an' trod her—soon her knees or pat her—so on the back when she wuz colicky like the wimmin folks sez all healthy babies is afore they're three months old."

"You're goin' to have the namin' uv her," sez Bill to me.

"Yes," says Marthy, "we made it up atween us long ago that you should have the namin' uv our baby like we had the namin' uv you."

Then, kind uv hectorin' like—for I was always a powerful tease—sez: "How could I be named after a nature? Or, I have been readin' the cyclopedy, my self, I'd have you know!"

An' then I laffed one of them provokin' left uv Marthy—oh, I tell ye, I was the worst feller for hectorin' folks you ever seen! But I meant it all in fun, for when I suspected they'd love like my funniness, I'd be happy to be so. There's only one name I'd love above all the rest o' call your little lambkin, an' that's the dearest name on earth to me—the name uv my wife!"

That just suited 'em to a T, an' always after that she wuz called Lizzie, an' it sot on her, that name did, like it was made for her, an' she for it. We made it up atween us long ago that you should have the namin' uv our baby like we had the namin' uv you."

Why does everybody want F. E. Brown's 'Hectorin' because it's the cheapest and best and a Los Angeles production. Sold at No. 314 South Spring street.



(From a Special Contributor.)

You see Bill an' I wuz jest like brothers; wuz raised on 'Jinlin' farms; he wuz his folks' only son, an' I wuz his folks' only one. So, na'r'll like, we grewed up together, lovin' an' sympathizin' with each other. What I knowed, I told Bill, an' what he knowed, he told me, an' what neither on us knowed—why, that warn't with knowin'!"

If I hadn't got over my braggin' days, I'd allow that, in our time, Bill an' I wuz jest the sparkin' beaus in the town ship, 'leastwise that's what the girls thought; but to be honest about it, there wuz only two uv them girls we courted, Bill an' I, he courtin' one an' I fother. You see we sung in the choir, an' as our good looks wuz here, we got sot on the soprano an' the alto, and bimbe-y-ob, well, after beavin' 'em round a spell—a year or so, for that matter—we up an' married 'em, an' the old folks gin us a house, 'Jinlin' farms, where we boys had lived all our lives. Lizzie, my wife, had been a powerful friendly thimble, an' she wuz a powerful good mother, but what they wuz huggin' an' kissin' an' carryin' on, like girls does; for women ain't like men—they can't control their selves an' their feelin's, like the stronger sex does."

I tell you, it wuz happy times for Lizzie an' me, an' Marthy an' Cyrus, too, on the 'Jinlin' farms, with the pastures full uv fat cattle, an' the barns full uv hay an' grain, an' the twin cottages full uv love an' contentment. Then when Cyrus come, our little boy—our first an' only one! why, when he come, I wuz jest so happy an' so grateful that if I hadn't been a man

school an' wuz buckleberin' there wuz his folks' only son, an' I wuz his folks' only one. So, na'r'll like, we grewed up together, lovin' an' sympathizin' with each other. What I knowed, I told Bill, an' what he knowed, he told me, an' what neither on us knowed—why, that warn't with knowin'!"

What made me start so—what made me ask Bill one time: "Are we a-gettin' old, Bill?" That wuz the Thanksgiving night when we set round the fire in Bill's front room, Cyrus come to us, holdin' little Lizzie by the hand, an' they asked us could they get married come next Thanksgiving time? Why, it seemed only yesterday that they wuz chicks together! God! how swift the years go by when they're happy years!"

"Reuben," sez Bill to me, "he's go down-cellar an' draw a pitcher uv cider." You see, that bein' men, it wuzn't for us to make a show uv ourselves. Marthy an' Lizzie jest hugged each other an' laughed an' cried—they wuz so glad! Then they hugged Cyrus and little Lizzie, an' talk an' laff! Well, it did beat all how them women folks did talk an' laff, all at one time. Cyrus, an' Marthy, then he said he reckoned he'd go out an' throw some fodder in to the steers, an' Bill an' I—well, we wuz down-cellar to draw that pitcher of cider."

It ain't for me to tell now uv the melter sweetness uv their courtin' time. I couldn't do it if I tried. Oh, how we loved 'em both! Yet, once in the early summer time our boy Cyrus he come an' an' sez: "Father, I want you to let me go away for a spell."

"Cyrus, my boy! Go away?" sez, father; President Linkins has called for soldiers; father, you have always told me so obey the voice of Duty. That voice summons me now."

"God in heaven," I thought, "you



There set Bill just as I knowed he wuz settin'.

I guess I'd have holler'd—maybe cried—wuz I guess, Marthy an' the little tyke Bill, but Bill wouldn't hear to nothin' but Cyrus. You see, he'd bought a cyclopedy the winter we wuz all married an' he'd been readin' in the uv a great foreign warrior named Cyrus that lived a long spell ago."

"Land uv Goshen, Bill!" sez I, "you don't reckon the baby'll ever get to be a warrior?"

"Well, I don't know about that," sez Bill. "There's no tellin'." At any rate, Cyrus' doctin has an uncommon sound for a name, so Cyrus it must be, an' we he's years old, I'll give him the finest Morrell coat in the deestrick."

"So we call uv him Cyrus," he grew up lovin' and bein' loved by everybody. Well, along about two years or, say, eighteen months or so—after Cyrus some to us a little girl named Cyrus, sweet little things you ever seen that little girl baby was the cuttiest an' sweetest! Looked just like one of the foreign crockery pink an' white, with big brown eyes here, an' a teeny, weeny mouth here, an' a nose an' ears, you'd have he's a fragile. Never dar'd hold her for fear I'd break her, an' it liked to skeered me to death to see the way Marthy an' Lizzie would kind uv me called her round an' trod her—soon her knees or pat her—so on the back when she wuz colicky like the wimmin folks sez all healthy babies is afore they're three months old."

"You're goin' to have the namin' uv her," sez Bill to me.

"Yes," says Marthy, "we made it up atween us long ago that you should have the namin' uv our baby like we had the namin' uv you."

Then, kind uv hectorin' like—for I was always a powerful tease—sez: "How could I be named after a nature? Or, I have been readin' the cyclopedy, my self, I'd have you know!"

An' then I laffed one of them provokin' left uv Marthy—oh, I tell ye, I was the worst feller for hectorin' folks you ever seen! But I meant it all in fun, for when I suspected they'd love like my funniness, I'd be happy to be so. There's only one name I'd love above all the rest o' call your little lambkin, an' that's the dearest name on earth to me—the name uv my wife!"

That just suited 'em to a T, an' always after that she wuz called Lizzie, an' it sot on her, that name did, like it was made for her, an' she for it. We made it up atween us long ago that you should have the namin' uv our baby like we had the namin' uv you."

have given us this child only to take him from us!"

But then came the second thought: "Steady, Reuben! You are a man; be a man! Steady, Reuben; be a man!"

"She leaves it all to you, father," sez Marthy, "but the other—the other, Cyrus—little Lizzie—knows!"

"She is content," sez he. A storm sweep through me like a cyclone. It wuz all Bill's fault; that warrior name had an uncommon sound for a name, so Cyrus it must be, an' we he's years old, I'll give him the finest Morrell coat in the deestrick."

So we call uv him Cyrus," he grew up lovin' and bein' loved by everybody. Well, along about two years or, say, eighteen months or so—after Cyrus some to us a little girl named Cyrus, sweet little things you ever seen that little girl baby was the cuttiest an' sweetest! Looked just like one of the foreign crockery pink an' white, with big brown eyes here, an' a teeny, weeny mouth here, an' a nose an' ears, you'd have he's a fragile. Never dar'd hold her for fear I'd break her, an' it liked to skeered me to death to see the way Marthy an' Lizzie would kind uv me called her round an' trod her—soon her knees or pat her—so on the back when she wuz colicky like the wimmin folks sez all healthy babies is afore they're three months old."

"You're goin' to have the namin' uv her," sez Bill to me.

"Yes," says Marthy, "we made it up atween us long ago that you should have the namin' uv our baby like we had the namin' uv you."

Then, kind uv hectorin' like—for I was always a powerful tease—sez: "How could I be named after a nature? Or, I have been readin' the cyclopedy, my self, I'd have you know!"

An' then I laffed one of them provokin' left uv Marthy—oh, I tell ye, I was the worst feller for hectorin' folks you ever seen! But I meant it all in fun, for when I suspected they'd love like my funniness, I'd be happy to be so. There's only one name I'd love above all the rest o' call your little lambkin, an' that's the dearest name on earth to me—the name uv my wife!"

That just suited 'em to a T, an' always after that she wuz called Lizzie, an' it sot on her, that name did, like it was made for her, an' she for it. We made it up atween us long ago that you should have the namin' uv our baby like we had the namin' uv you."

feelin's—leastwise, it isn't for him to tell uv 'em. So I held my peace and made no sign."

She jest drooped, an' plined, an' died. One morning in the spring she wuz standin' in the garden, an' all at once she threw her arms up, so, an' fell uv her face, an' when they got to her all that wuz left to us uv little Lizzie wuz her lifeless little body. I can't tell of what happened next—the funeral an' all that, I said this wuz in the spring, an' so it wuz all around us; but it wuz cold and winter here."

One day mother sez to me: "Reuben," sez she, softlike, "Marthy an' I is goin' to the buryin' ground for a spell. Don't you reckon it would be a good time for you to step over an' see Bill while we're gone?"

"Mebbe so, mother," sez I. It wuz a pretty day. Cuttin' across lots, I thought to myself what I'd say to Bill to kind uv comfort him. I made it up that I'd speak about the time we wuz boys together, uv how we used to slide down the meedin' house hill, an' uv buckleberin' uv how I jumped into the pool one day an' saved him from bein' drowned; uv the spellin' school, the huskin' bees, the choir meetin's, the sparkin' times; the wimmin' bees, the crowd's an' the pine tree, the woodchuck's hole in the old

I now felt an easy confidence in my ability to kind uv comfort him. I lured them the scare they had 'bout me, I lured them on a veritable wild goose chase, the big boys tugger desperately at the oars, as they furiously followed my mysterious movements from one end of the lake to the other. To add to their wrath, every time I disappeared, just as they were about to catch me, my grandmothers burst out with a tremendous "Wak, wak, wak!" My clever escapes amused the old lady greatly.

The big boy was growing very impatient and dissatisfied with his lot as captain, and became sarcastic at the expense of the marksman in the bow. "Why don't you hit him?" he said to me. "You have killed a dozen of them by this time, if it had been there, were some of his remarks."

Finally, he could control himself no longer. Abandoning the oars to the steersman, he scrambled to the top of the boat and demanded the sting-shot. "Let me shoot just once more," begged the marksman piteously.

"No," roared the big boy, snatching the sling from his hands, "I want to shoot myself." "You want to shoot yourself," said I to myself. "Well, go ahead, I don't care as long as you don't shoot me," and just as he raised his hand to shoot, I vanished beneath the surface. "What a shame!" said the boy, "he was about in a circle, the three youngsters were vainly wrestling with the oars, while the big boy was frantically trying to get out of the boat."

"I wish there was some one aboard this boat that could row," he exclaimed bitterly. "Wak, wak, wak!" guffawed my old grandmother on the shore. The old lady nearly died of laughing. As for me, I was a little tired of the sport, so I swam into the next cove of mine near a weeping willow and went to sleep, dreaming of my foes' discomfiture and leaving them in doubt as to whether I was really a mud-pen only an illusion.

Yours, sub rosa, M. H.

There lay her lifeless little body, pasture lot; uv the sunny summer days an' the snug winter nights when we wuz boys, an' happy. And then—why, when I broke down. A man can't be a man more'n a jest so far!

Why did mother send me over to see Bill? I'd better stayed to home! I felt myself chokin' up; if I hadn't took a chew uv tobacco, I'd 'ave been cryin' in a minute."

The nearer I got to Bill's, the worse I hated to go in. Standin' on the stoop, I could hear the tall clock tickin' solemnly inside—"tick-tock, tick-tock," jest as plain as if I wuz settin' aside uv it. The door wuz shut, yet I knew jest what Bill wuz doin'; he wuz settin' in the old red easy-chair, lookin' down at the floor—like this. Strange, ain't it, how sometimes when you love folks you know jest what they're doin' without knowin' anything about it!

There warn't no use knockin', but I knocked three times; so, didn't say a word; only jest knocked three times—that a-way. Didn't hear no answer—nuthin' but the tickin' uv the tall clock, an' yet I knew that Bill heard me an' that down in his heart he was sayin' to me to come in. He never said a word, yet I knowed all the time that Bill wuz sayin' for me to come in.

I opened the door, keener like, an' slipped in. Didn't say nothin'; jest opened the door softly like, an' slipped in. There set Bill jest as I knowed he wuz settin'; an' he said: "Pull yourself together, Reuben Ketcham, and be a man!"

How changed Bill wuz—oh, Bill, how changed ye wuz! There wuz furrers in yer face an' yer hair wuz white—as white as—well, my mind failed me. Looks about the body, thin and hump-shouldered. Jest two ol' men, that's what we wuz; an' we had been boys together!

Well, I stood there a spell, kind uv hesitat' like, neither uv us sayin' a word, until bimbe-y-ob, Bill he sortuv made a sign for me to set down. Didn't speak, didn't lift his eyes from the floor; only made a sign, like this, in a weak, tremblin' way, that wuz down an' up an' down an' up. We both set, neither uv us sayin' a word, but both settin' there, lovin' each other an' sympathizin' as hard as we could, for that is the way wimmin' do."

Bimbe-y-ob, like we'd kind uv made it up aforehand, we hilted over closer, for when folks is in sorrow an' trouble they like to be close together. But not a word said, not a time, an' the clock closer together, why, bimbe-y-ob we set aside. So we set a spell longer, lovin' an' sympathizin', as menfolks do; thinkin' uv all the times our boyhoods spent uv the happiness uv the past an' uv all the hopes them two children had brought us! The tall clock ticked, an' that wuz all the sound there wuz, except when Bill give a sign an' I give a sign, too—to lighten the load, ye know."

Not a word come from either uv us; 'twas all we could do to set there, lovin' each other, sayin' nothin' at all. At all at once, for we couldn't stand it no longer—all at once we turned our faces 'other way, an' reached 'out, an' wuz in each other's arms, an' we said, "We found an' held each other fast in a clasp of tender meann'."

Then—God forgive me if I done a wrong—then I said: "You are a man! For bein' a woman, I could have cried an' standin' so, I could have cried: 'Come, Bill! come let me hold you in these arms; come, let us weep together, an' let this broken heart uv mine be trod through these tremblin' lips to that broken heart uv yours. Bill, tellin' ye how much I love ye an' sympathize with ye!'"

But not a word said, I wuz a man! an' bein' a man, I must let my heart break; I must hold my peace, an' I must make no sign. But I wuz a man! (Copyright, 1894, by Bacheller, Johnson & Bacheller.)

was decidedly interesting also, but I am entirely different manner. Suddenly something struck the water close by me and I was startled. "That's a fish!" said I. "That's too bad; I just missed him." Had hardly time to really reason whether he meant me or not, or whether it was a stone that had splashed, when something else went whizzing by my head. Then noticed that the boy in the bow had a sling-shot and you may imagine I disappeared very suddenly. I swam about twenty yards before rising, when I found that the young villians had followed me overboard, and splash! came another stone very close to me. This warm reception was too much for me. Though I was out of breath, I was obliged to dive again. This time, however, using admirable presence of mind, I turned, when beneath the surface I doubled back under the boat. This ruse worked like a charm, and when I popped out of the water, I perceived that the boat was many yards away from that the young pirates were apparently puzzled.

I was not long before they saw me, however, and resumed the pursuit. I waited until they were almost near enough to shoot at me, then I plunged out of the boat swimming to the left, while the boat shot straight ahead with my half-dozen pursuers.

I now felt an easy confidence in my ability to kind uv comfort him. I lured them the scare they had 'bout me, I lured them on a veritable wild goose chase, the big boys tugger desperately at the oars, as they furiously followed my mysterious movements from one end of the lake to the other. To add to their wrath, every time I disappeared, just as they were about to catch me, my grandmothers burst out with a tremendous "Wak, wak, wak!" My clever escapes amused the old lady greatly.

The big boy was growing very impatient and dissatisfied with his lot as captain, and became sarcastic at the expense of the marksman in the bow. "Why don't you hit him?" he said to me. "You have killed a dozen of them by this time, if it had been there, were some of his remarks."

Finally, he could control himself no longer. Abandoning the oars to the steersman, he scrambled to the top of the boat and demanded the sting-shot. "Let me shoot just once more," begged the marksman piteously.

"No," roared the big boy, snatching the sling from his hands, "I want to shoot myself." "You want to shoot yourself," said I to myself. "Well, go ahead, I don't care as long as you don't shoot me," and just as he raised his hand to shoot, I vanished beneath the surface. "What a shame!" said the boy, "he was about in a circle, the three youngsters were vainly wrestling with the oars, while the big boy was frantically trying to get out of the boat."

"I wish there was some one aboard this boat that could row," he exclaimed bitterly. "Wak, wak, wak!" guffawed my old grandmother on the shore. The old lady nearly died of laughing. As for me, I was a little tired of the sport, so I swam into the next cove of mine near a weeping willow and went to sleep, dreaming of my foes' discomfiture and leaving them in doubt as to whether I was really a mud-pen only an illusion.

Yours, sub rosa, M. H.

There lay her lifeless little body, pasture lot; uv the sunny summer days an' the snug winter nights when we wuz boys, an' happy. And then—why, when I broke down. A man can't be a man more'n a jest so far!

Why did mother send me over to see Bill? I'd better stayed to home! I felt myself chokin' up; if I hadn't took a chew uv tobacco, I'd 'ave been cryin' in a minute."

The nearer I got to Bill's, the worse I hated to go in. Standin' on the stoop, I could hear the tall clock tickin' solemnly inside—"tick-tock, tick-tock," jest as plain as if I wuz settin' aside uv it. The door wuz shut, yet I knew jest what Bill wuz doin'; he wuz settin' in the old red easy-chair, lookin' down at the floor—like this. Strange, ain't it, how sometimes when you love folks you know jest what they're doin' without knowin' anything about it!

There warn't no use knockin', but I knocked three times; so, didn't say a word; only jest knocked three times—that a-way. Didn't hear no answer—nuthin' but the tickin' uv the tall clock, an' yet I knew that Bill heard me an' that down in his heart he was sayin' to me to come in. He never said a word, yet I knowed all the time that Bill wuz sayin' for me to come in.

I opened the door, keener like, an' slipped in. Didn't say nothin'; jest opened the door softly like, an' slipped in. There set Bill jest as I knowed he wuz settin'; an' he said: "Pull yourself together, Reuben Ketcham, and be a man!"

How changed Bill wuz—oh, Bill, how changed ye wuz! There wuz furrers in yer face an' yer hair wuz white—as white as—well, my mind failed me. Looks about the body, thin and hump-shouldered. Jest two ol' men, that's what we wuz; an' we had been boys together!

Well, I stood there a spell, kind uv hesitat' like, neither uv us sayin' a word, until bimbe-y-ob, Bill he sortuv made a sign for me to set down. Didn't speak, didn't lift his eyes from the floor; only made a sign, like this, in a weak, tremblin' way, that wuz down an' up an' down an' up. We both set, neither uv us sayin' a word, but both settin' there, lovin' each other an' sympathizin' as hard as we could, for that is the way wimmin' do."

Bimbe-y-ob, like we'd kind uv made it up aforehand, we hilted over closer, for when folks is in sorrow an' trouble they like to be close together. But not a word said, not a time, an' the clock closer together, why, bimbe-y-ob we set aside. So we set a spell longer, lovin' an' sympathizin', as menfolks do; thinkin' uv all the times our boyhoods spent uv the happiness uv the past an' uv all the hopes them two children had brought us! The tall clock ticked, an' that wuz all the sound there wuz, except when Bill give a sign an' I give a sign, too—to lighten the load, ye know."

Not a word come from either uv us; 'twas all we could do to set there, lovin' each other, sayin' nothin' at all. At all at once, for we couldn't stand it no longer—all at once we turned our faces 'other way, an' reached 'out, an' wuz in each other's arms, an' we said, "We found an' held each other fast in a clasp of tender meann'."

Then—God forgive me if I done a wrong—then I said: "You are a man! For bein' a woman, I could have cried an' standin' so, I could have cried: 'Come, Bill! come let me hold you in these arms; come, let us weep together, an' let this broken heart uv mine be trod through these tremblin' lips to that broken heart uv yours. Bill, tellin' ye how much I love ye an' sympathize with ye!'"

But not a word said, I wuz a man! an' bein' a man, I must let my heart break; I must hold my peace, an' I must make no sign. But I wuz a man! (Copyright, 1894, by Bacheller, Johnson & Bacheller.)



Prof. E. H. Currier.

be done through its agency toward the relief of the mute. He declares it to be his belief that wonders of which the most enthusiastic investigator has hardly dared to dream may be accomplished through the use of hypnotism, and, bold and progressive student as he is, is willing to afford every facility for a skilled operator to experiment on the case suggested.

Prof. Currier almost took my breath away, when, as I sat in his study at the institute a few days ago looking out upon the Hudson, he announced it to be his belief that through the agencies of hypnotism a man who has been deaf from the day of his birth may be made to hear distinctly.

"The prophet of the Israelites spoke truly," said Prof. Currier, "when he predicted thousands of years ago the coming of the day when the eyes of the blind shall be opened, the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped, no tongue of the dumb shall be unloosed and the lame made to run and leap as an hart." My friend, this day is at hand. It is already here. Gradually a force in nature—a force first mocked and ridiculed, next wondered at, now studied and made useful—has been accepted by science. And now is heralded the news that by hypnotism the latent senses are to be made healthy and vigorous and the nerves which from birth our ignorance has hitherto allowed to slumber in him who, through some defect in nature's processes, has been unable to operate them, are to be made to convey messages of the mind as the electric wires convey messages."

"What! Prof. Currier?" I exclaimed. "Do you mean to assert that you believe that it is possible for the hypnotic operator to accomplish in a few short weeks the complete awakening of the senses of sound

sounds into speech. Twelve years ago we began operating upon this man through the instrumentality of the audiophone and the conical hearing tube. The idea that through the agency of some such instruments as these we could develop the latent sensibilities of the auditory nerve until it became a useful and valuable part of the system was an idea of my own, and the instruments by which we have wrought the results which I have demonstrated to you here were of my invention. The deafness of Mr. Jones was what is known to be a case of functional, a prenatal paralysis of the function of the auditory nerve. I shall call it in order that I may be readily understood, of the auditory nerve. While the organs of the unborn child were undergoing the processes of formation, the implanting of some foreign substance upon the forming blood corpuscles deprived this nerve of its full development and vitality. We now estimate that fully 18 per cent. of the cases of total deafness and consequent dumbness are due to prenatal paralysis of this kind. Some claim that the percentage is even greater. I here fearlessly say that in almost if not every case of this kind, there are latent senses of hearing which have slumber

WOMAN'S ILLS AND WOES.

Bab Discourses Emphatically
on These Topics,

And Has Several Good Words for
Superstition and Ma-
terialism.

Rheumatism an Evil of the Evils—A
Weapon of Satan—On to Apple
Dumplings and Other
Things.

Only the Truly Innocent Can Eat them.
The Girl Who Does Out Walking on a
Cold Day With the "One Dearest to
Her Heart"—Women Don't Like Ex-
ercise—The Summing Up of What They
Really do Like—What has the Spiritual
Ever Accomplished for Mankind?—The
World is Material in all its Phases—Low
Carpas Defended—Scenes in New York
Shops—The Things "I Would do if I
Were You."

NEW YORK, Jan. 2, 1895.—(From Our
Regular Correspondent.) The only thing
that ever seemed to me human in the
Carlyle family was that Jane Welsh her-
self was excessively proud of her ability
in the "cussing" line. She gave free
scope to this great talent when the neu-
ralgia held her in possession; but I wonder
what she would have done if the rheuma-
tism had come to her; and I wish, oh, so
earnestly, that she had written me all her
cuss words. There is nothing that quite
expresses all its possibilities. It appears
like a thief in the night, and gives you
severe pains when you least expect it, and
then takes entire possession of you until
you scream with agony and wonder why
the District Messenger Company raised its
rates, making it impossible for poor peo-
ple to hire a boy to do the desired sweat-
ing for them. At such times, when the
pains are dancing all around you like lit-
tle devils doing a cancan, you are certain
to have somebody near you who tells you
it is all for your own good.

ANGELS CAN'T STAND IT.
I can never be brought to believe this.
I regard the rheumatism as one of Satan's
weapons, intended to make humanity de-
sire to go where there will be no difficulty
in getting shannels headed. It does no-
body any good, for it incites in them a
desire to say short, quick, wicked words.
It is calculated to make even an angel
cranky, and, although women are more
desirable than angels, it has a mysterious
effect upon them, causing them to wonder
why they were born. I often wonder my-
self why some people were born. They
don't seem to be very much use, and are
no pleasure to the world at large. Who
brought into the world a person like me,
making an excuse to womankind, the dress-
maker, who takes your gowns in August
and in December, after you have spent
your substance in the purchase of a new
waist, writes you a most affectionate letter
and says she is going to be quite frank with
you, and tell you that your material isn't
even cut, but she is so soon. She thinks
her frankness excuses everything, while
you wish you were in a country
where a string of pearls and a fig leaf
was all that was needed to make the most
elaborate affairs. Frankness is not
altogether a desirable thing, and I wish
that the people who have more of it than
they need would put it away as one does
old love letters, and never bring it out.

BUT GOOD THINGS ABOUND.
However, I am not going to trouble
about unnecessary people or undesirable
frankness, but I am going to try and re-
member that the Christmas egg-nog was
very good and realize what a pity it is
that people only have it once a year. It
is funny how people go on about the world
being full of folly and sin, when it really
is a good world. If there is rheumatism
and broken hearts, there is also no end of
good things—good things to eat, and good
things to do, and good friends to care
for. Charles Lamb said that nobody could
eat an apple dumpling unless she was in a
state of primeval innocence like Eve.
I ate two last night, and I feel so proud
of myself I am bound to tell it. You see
it is very comfortable to know that one is
innocent, for certainly, for the truth go
together, and between the throes of the
rheumatism (I like that word throes, it
sounds so dramatic!) I can feel the truth
like a rubber ball at anybody I think ought
to hear it. The first and truest is the ap-
pearance of the average girl in cold
weather. If her gloves or her shoes are a
little bit too close-fitting,

THEN HER NOSE GETS RED.
And if she is donkey enough to use powder
while the thermometer is near zero, she
presents the appearance of a walking
ghost, for the combination of cold and
powder results in a blue skin. But then
it is pretty to see her (?) when she is on
the avenue with the one dearest to her
heart. She looks like a toy soldier, and
for exercise she practices along, for
like most New Yorkers, her walk is abom-
inable, being really a something between
a prance and a trot. The chances are that
her beloved will look down on her as she
shivers away, and say, "Now, dearie, isn't
this bracing weather?" And a meek, lit-
tle voice, really suffering for true love's
sake, as most of us do, will answer, "Oh,
certainly."

OH, MATERIAL WOMAN!
She knows she isn't telling the truth,
and she also knows that once she gets in
a warm room, she will have a good cry
from sheer nervousness, and her heart's
beloved will pat her on the back, hold her
hand and call her "poor little woman,"
and feel dreadfully sorry for her. Men
have an idea that the result of the exer-
cise they don't. Women like warm weather,
good food, fresh bon-bons, good wines, in-
teresting books and laziness. I don't
mean, of course, that all women are lazy,
but if it were possible, I think they all
would be. Women are delightfully mat-
terial, and I don't know but what it is the
best thing to be. We can talk as much as
we want about the spiritual. We can
realize all our fondest dreams of idyllic
life and spiritual companionship on paper,
but before we do this, we have to be a
bit material and get the paper, quill and
ink. Poets and writers give us books
about the delights of the spiritual. Paint-
ers attempt to put it in color on can-
vas, and what is the result? The spiritual
verses, the spiritual essays, lacking atmo-
sphere and action, are not read. The
spiritual pictures are apt to be of rather
slimy women, wearing blue and red, and
displaying their bones to an unappreciative
world, while they have immensely large
eyes and look as if they were starved.

Nobody Buys the Pictures.
And the artists think they are not appre-
ciated. To me, that most beautiful picture,
Titian's "Sleeping Venus," shows that it
had a heart in it. There was a strong
beauty attached to the physical beauty of
Pauline Bearnhardt, and certainly there
were loving, pure-souled women among
those who faced death by the guillotine,
dying for their King and their religion.
Did Carlyle yearn only for spiritual re-
freshments when he was writing the
"Life of Frederick the Great"? Certainly
not; he wanted the best supper that Jasie
Welsh and her devoted handmaiden could
get up for him. Was Charles Lamb, in
his loving, beautiful and sad life, thinking

of astral bodies when he wrote the essay
on "Ezekiel's Pig"? Did de Maistre, Cautley, Helne, Dumas,
Rossetti, or Swinburne write their warm,
glowing, passionate lines under the influ-
ence of the spiritual, as shown by two pos-
sible feathers and a glass of hot water?
Nonsense. It is the most remarkable
thing, considering its age, that the world
is so foolish. There is nothing so exquisi-
tely beautiful as material of the finest. It
may be the skin of a woman; it may be
the blush on the side of a peach; it may
be the brocade that makes a petticoat, or
it may be a dainty supper table arranged
to please the eye and delight the taste.
We are having a little taste of one wo-
man's idea of the material in the distribs
that are published against low bodies.
Now, personally,

I BELIEVE IN LOW BODICES.
With a proviso. The proviso is that the
neck is white and well-shaped, and the
bodies so cut that the neck and shoulders
show to the best advantage. Of course,
there are women who have little real
sense of the beautiful, but it is more
than probable that in time they will learn
what a mistake they have made.
A woman who wears her clothes in sec-
tions is vulgar, when the absolutely nude
may be exquisitely modest. I see some
cranks have been objecting to "Tribby,"
and calling it immoral, because the hero-
ine posed for "the altogether." I suppose
there are some people who are innately
coarse, and these are among them. A
woman's arms, round, white and well
formed, are things of beauty; a woman's
throat, well shaped and white, is a marble
column, supporting a well-shaped head,
which, presumably, holds a sufficient
amount of brains to draw the line between
what is beautiful and perfectly modest and
what is common and ugly. I have always
thought modesty a complex virtue, and
to be immodest to be ugly, but having
given my opinion about it, I will leave it
to the cranks to fight it out among them-
selves.

THE "SHOP-LADY."
It is funny how womankind is dominated
by the lady behind the counter. I wit-
nessed what might be called an episode
the other day. A lady, quietly dressed,
one who believes that quiet dressing is
proper when she is shopping, was anxious
to get some underwear suitable for a ser-
vant, but, of course, she did not explain
her affairs to the young woman who con-
descended to wait on her. She said: "I
want to see some plain, untrimmings night-
dresses." There was put before her a
huge pile, trimmed with cheap and glaring
embroidery. She ventured the re-
mark: "Perhaps you didn't understand
me; I asked for plain nightdresses."
With a toss of her head that made her
psyche knot tremble, this answer was
hurled at her: "Well, I am sure that
are cheap enough, and much more fashion-
able."

The would-be buyer meekly said: "I
didn't ask for cheap things, nor fashionable
things; I asked for plain things."
The words that came were very positive:
"I should think I'd been long enough in
the business to know what ladies wear."
It is because she was really tired
to go to any other place, the un-
fortunate woman asked again for plain
things, and this time got them. She se-
lected what she wanted, paid for them
and gave her name and address, that
they might be sent home. Then the lady
behind the counter remarked: "Goodness
gracious, I shouldn't think you'd be a
man's wife, when you buy such trucks!"
That was the last straw, and the shopper
departed, taking a most solemn oath that
she would never put her foot in that shop
again.

ANOTHER EXPERIENCE.
Now, this happened to me: I wanted
a yard of pink ribbon; I stated the width
and the shade; I was told that blue was
more fashionable; I said I wanted pink
satin. I was then informed that the moire
made up into bows better than satin.
I said I didn't want to make it into bows,
and so much against her wishes, the
young woman was at last forced to give
me what I wanted. But as I left I felt
the pleasure of hearing this farewell re-
mark: "She don't know the difference be-
tween what is and what ain't, and I don't
care about her old ribbon!"
Well, it all comes about in a lifetime.
I may mention, by-the-by, that the young
woman who was so unwilling to sell me
pink ribbon had been interrupted by her
when she was reading a dream-book. You
know we all have our little peculiarities.

BAB'S SUPERSTITIONS.
I don't like to dream of black beetles,
because if I do somebody I'm fond of
is sure to be taken sick.
A friend of mine believes that if she
dreams of gold, she will receive it, and
but bank notes will bring good luck.
I don't suppose you are superstitious,
still, if I were you, I wouldn't sing be-
fore breakfast, because if you do you
will cry before tea.

If I were you, when the palm of my
left hand itched, I would rub it on wood,
because then, for certain, you will get
the money that is meant for you.
If I were you and my nose itched, I
would have an extra place put at the table,
for you are going to kiss a stranger.
If I were you and saw a pin, I would
pick it up, for then for sure luck will
come that day.

If I were you I wouldn't walk under a
ladder, for the devil is waiting on the
other side to take you.
If I were you and dreamed of white
horses, I would look up my black dress,
for I would know I was going to a fu-
neral.
If I were you, and a mangy-looking
dog followed me, I would encourage him,
because he would bring a handsome blonde
husband.
If I were you and saw a hairpin on the
floor, I would pick it up, for it could do
better with three bushels of corn, and one
bushel of potatoes, than with four bushels
of corn. I know this to be true from
experience, and state the fact to show that
we cannot take the chemical food value
of a grain or vegetable as a strict guide
in practice. The potato, for example, has
a very poor food value chemically com-
pared with corn or wheat, yet practically
it is worth more than a bushel of corn
as stated above. In fact I feel that
wheat with unsatisfactory results. The
wheat cost me 27½¢ per bushel, while corn
was \$1. A large per cent. of the wheat
kernels were undigested. If the grain was
boiled the hog would not eat enough to
make any gain. In fact, after two or
three days they would refuse it entirely.
Soaking in cold water, and allowing it to
stand until fermentation set in was the
only way I could prepare it so they would
consume enough to make any gain. If the
wheat is crushed and fed as slop it is a
profitable ration. It must be remembered
that bulks plays a very important part in
a profitable hog food. The pig's stomach
must be distended. Grass-fed hogs do
better than those kept in pens. For the
reason they have larger stomachs. Until
experiment stations recognize these facts
their chemical analyses will amount to
little.

RESIDENCES THAT ARE HEATED

With F. E. Browne's furnaces find eager
buyers. Try it.

Notice to the Public.
Call and have a talk with C. H. Brown and
E. H. Fisher, architects, Nos. 315 and 317
South Main, before ordering your plans. We
are never too busy to serve our clients.

COLD ROOMS FOR TOURISTS

Is unknown where F. E. Browne's hot-air
system is adopted. Investigate. No. 314
South Spring.



SECOND WEEK OF OUR...

January Clearance Sale.

The Greatest on Record. Every piece of Dress Goods at Cost. Greater
reduction in prices than ever before made. Special Bargains in every
department.

HALE'S JANUARY CLEARANCE SALE.

HALE'S JANUARY CLEARANCE SALE.

This Week's Special Values.

BLACK DRESS GOODS, BLACK CASHMERE, 36
inches wide, a good quality, nearly all wool, a
good fast black, regular value 85¢ per yard.
Clearance price, 20¢.

BLACK NOVELTY CREPON, 38 inches wide, ex-
tra good value, new self-colored designs, reduced
from 50¢ per yard.
Clearance price, 35¢.

BLACK BROCADE, a special quality brocade, diag-
onal design, 46 inches wide, reduced from 75¢
per yard.
Clearance price, 50¢.

BLACK TRICOT, 38 inches wide, all wool, good
quality, fine finish, fast color, a regular 50¢ qual-
ity.
Clearance price, 30¢.

BLACK BROCADE, EMPRESS CLOTH, one of the
newest weaves in black dress goods, stylish de-
signs, reduced from 90¢ per yard.
Clearance price, 65¢.

BLACK SERGE, a very fine quality French Serge,
all wool, guaranteed 44 inches wide, finely
finished, reduced from 85¢ per yard.
Clearance price, 60¢.

BLACK DIAGONAL SUITING, 46 inches wide, ex-
tra quality and finish, reduced from \$1.25 per
yard.
Clearance price, 85¢.

BLACK HENRIETTA, 38 inches wide, all wool,
silk finished, a very excellent quality, formerly
sold for 85¢ per yard.
Clearance price, 60¢.

SILK WARP HENRIETTA, Priestley's finest make,
a royal quality, none better made, reduced from
\$2.50 per yard.
Clearance price, \$1.75.

NOVELTY SUITINGS, 35¢ per yard. All Wool
Striped Novelty Dress Goods, 36 and 38 inches
wide, reduced from 50 and 60 cents per yard.
Clearance Price, 35¢.

NOVELTY SUITINGS, 40 inches wide, all wool,
beautiful effects, imported goods, our regular
\$1.00 per yard quality.
Clearance Price, 65¢.

Dress Trimmings at Reduced
Prices.

An immense line of Trimming Braids, Gimps, Jets,
etc., at less than cost to close out.

Silks! Silks! Silks!
RHADAME SILK, all silks, good quality, 19 inches
wide in navy blue, olive, cardinal and garnet, re-
duced from 75 cents per yard.
Clearance price, 50¢.

CHINA SILK for evening wear, all silk 21 inches
wide, light blue, cream lavender, pink, yellow and
orange, extra value at 35 cents per yard.
Clearance price, 25¢.

BLACK SILK, extra quality, black Gros Grain Silk,
19 inches wide, regular value, \$1.00 per yard.
Clearance price, 80¢.

BLACK BENGALINE SILK, former price \$2.00 per
yard.
Clearance price, \$1.65.

SKIRT PROTECTORS, combination of velveteen
canvas and rubber for protecting the bottom of
skirt, regular price, 35¢ per piece.
Clearance price, 15¢.

Special Values in Our Domestic
Department.

Prices cut to the quick selling point, greater bar-
gains than ever before offered.

LONSDALE MUSLIN, best quality, full yard wide,
worth 10¢ per yard.
Clearance price, 7¢.

BLEACHED SHEETING, two yards wide, equal to
pequot, worth 18¢ per yard.
Clearance price, 14¢.

UNBLEACHED SHEETING, 2½ yards wide, good
quality, reduced from 30¢ per yard.
Clearance price, 16¢.

TABLE DAMASK, turkey red table linen, oiled
boiled, fast colors guaranteed, 60 inches wide;
worth 40¢ per yard.
Clearance price, 25¢.

WHITE FLANNEL, all wool flannel, good quality,
soft, smooth finish; regular value 80¢ per yard.
Clearance price, 20¢.

JANUARY CLEARANCE SALE.

Wednesday, January 9.

Remnant Day. Remnant Day.

All short lengths of Dress Goods, Domestics, Wash Goods, etc., at
25 per cent. Discount from Remnant Prices.

Remnants at Less Than Cost.

Wednesday, January 9.

FRENCH SERGE, all wool, very fine quality and
finish and 48 inches wide, a full line of colors to
select from, reduced from \$1.00 a yard.
Clearance Price, 75¢.

ALL WOOL BENGALINE SUITINGS, 46 inches
wide, former price \$1.50 per yard.
Clearance Price, 75¢.

SERGE SUITING, all wool, 48 inches wide, the
best American make, former; price 50 and 60
cents per yard.
Clearance Price, 40¢.

FOR EVENING WEAR, CREAM ALBATROSS, all
wool, 38 inches wide, extra fine quality, reduced
from 60 cents per yard.
Clearance Price, 35¢.

CREAM CASHMERE, 36 inches wide, good quality,
smooth finish, nearly all wool; reduced from 85¢
per yard.
Clearance price, 25¢.

LADIES' CLOTH, all wool, 52 inches wide, extra
good quality and finish, a good assortment of
popular shades to select from; reduced from 75¢
per yard.
Clearance price, 45¢.

BILLOW CLOTH, all wool, Broad Cloth, 48 inches
wide, neat self-colored wave effects in gray and
tan for Capes, Jackets, Tailor Suits, etc.; reduced
from \$1.50 per yard.
Clearance price, 75¢.

BROAD CLOTH, 50 inch imported Broad Cloth,
very fine quality and finish, all the latest shades,
including black; regular price \$1.25 per yard.
Clearance price, 75¢.

Extra fine quality Broad Cloth, the finest imported
cloth; reduced from \$1.75 per yard.
Clearance price, \$1.25.

Velvets at Cost.

SILK VELVETS, a fine line of shades, good qual-
ity; regular price \$1 per yard.
Clearance price, 75¢.

SILK VELVETS, fine quality, a splendid color as-
sortment; our regular \$1.25 quality.
Clearance price, \$1.

SILK VELVETS, extra fine quality; former price
\$1.50 per yard.
Clearance price, \$1.25.

PILLOW CASES, good quality pillow cases already
made if you don't want the trouble of making.
Clearance price, 12½¢.

READY MADE SHEETS, 10-4 size, made of good
quality sheeting, full size, hemmed ready for use;
worth 75¢.
Clearance price, 50¢.

TURKISH TOWELS, 100 dozen Turkish Towels,
good quality, fair size; worth 12½¢.
Clearance price, 5¢.

CANTON FLANNEL, extra quality unbleached Canton
flannel, soft heavy elder down napped; re-
duced from 12½¢ per yard.
Clearance price, 10¢.

TABLE DAMASK, fine quality bleached satin Dam-
ask Table Linen, all linen, pretty designs, 62
inches wide; worth 75¢ per yard.
Clearance price, 50¢.

Notion Specials.

HAIR PINS, best quality Crimp Steel Hair Pins,
regular price, 5¢ per paper.
Clearance Price, 1¢.

HANDKERCHIEFS, 150 dozen Ladies' Colored
Bordered Handkerchiefs, good quality, fast col-
ors, reduced from 5¢.
Clearance price, 2½¢.

WINDSOR TIES, Children's Silk Windsor Ties, new
styles, in black, navy, orange, light blue, pink
and garnet, good value for 25¢.
Clearance price, 12½¢.

DRESS SHIELDS, fine quality Stockinet Dress
Shields, equal to Canfield's, worth 20¢ per pair.
Clearance price, 12½¢.

WRITING PAPER, 24 sheets fine quality ruled
Note Paper and 24 Envelopes, complete in neat
box, worth 25¢ per box.
Clearance price, 10¢.

TOILET SOAP, White Mountain Bouquet Soap, a
very excellent article, nicely perfumed, large-sized
cake, drugist price 10¢ per cake.
Clearance price, 5¢.

OPERA FANS, a very pretty Feather Fan, enamel
handles, all the pretty evening shades—garnet,
yellow, blue, lavender and pink, reduced from 75¢.
Clearance price, 50¢.

The Times.

Annual Trade Number.

January 1, 1895.

Triple Sheet, 36 Pages.

GENERAL CONTENTS

FIRST SECTION---8 pages.

- I. Southern California as it Was. 1
Illustrations: The Chief Occupation of the Old
Timers. Bringing Home the New Year's Dinner. A
Bit of Horse Play. Placer Mining. Old-time Mills.
Old Mexican Cart. Mission Garden, Santa Bar-
bara. Mission Indians at Home.
- II. The Islands of the Sea. (Illustrated.) 2
Point Conception. Santa Barbara Channel. The
Channel Islands.
- III. Reclaiming the Desert. (7 Illustrations.) 3
- IV. Mining. (2 Illustrations.) 4
New Crops. The Eucalyptus. Climate, etc.
- V. Cost of Living in Los Angeles. 5
Petroleum. Real Estate. Our Peat Lands. Nic-
aragua Canal.
- VI. Sport on Land and Sea. 6
Hunting in Southern California. The Mouth of the
Colorado. Rare Trips for Tourists: The Kite-
shaped Track.
- VII. The Los Angeles Times. (3 Illustrations.) 7
At the Capital. South Los Angeles. Advertisements.
- VIII. From Siskiyou to San Diego. 8
The Golden State from the Far North to the Ex-
treme South. (Statistical page.)

SECOND SECTION---12 pages.

- IX. Southern California as It Is. 9
Los Angeles City and County. Pasadena and
the San Gabriel Valley. (Six Illustrations.)
- X. Southern California as It Is. (Continued.) 10
The County. Los Nietos Valley and Whittier. To-
ward the Ocean. By the Seaside. North from Los
Angeles. Pleasure Resorts.
- XI. San Diego City and County. (2 Illustrations.) 11
Advertisements.
- XII. San Bernardino County. (5 Illustrations.) 12
Advertisements.
- XIII. Santa Barbara County---Ventura County. 13
(4 Illustrations.)
Advertisements.
- XIV. Orange County. (2 Illustrations.) 14
Fruit Exports. Wasteful California. Advertisements.
- XV. Riverside County. (4 Illustrations.) 15
Stevenson's Start to Samoa. Advertisements.
- XVI. Rural Industries. (7 Illustrations.) 16
Citrus Fruits. The Olive. The Grape. Other Fruits.
- XVII. Rural Industries---Continued. (6 Illus-
trations.) 17
Bees. Silk Culture. General Agriculture. The
Bamboo. The Sunflower.
- XVIII. Rural Industries---Continued. (6 Illus-
trations.) 18
Live Stock. Sugar Beets. Miscellaneous. Poetry.
Advertisements.
- XIX. The Waning Year. 19
Florida "Fads." Christening the New Year.
Times' Literary Engagements for 1895. (Illustrated.)
- XX. General Statistics Relating to the State. 20
Commerce. Production. Manufactures. Mining.
Property Values.

THIRD SECTION---16 pages.

- News and Advertisements. 21-36
The usual full budgets, city, county, State,
Eastern and foreign. Mercantile, real estate and
other business announcements.
- Business. Financial and Commercial. 30
Bradstreet's and Dun's Reviews of the Year. Tele-
graphic Markets.
- Life and Living in Southern California. (Illus-
trated.) 32-33
Local conditions as described in more than thirty
cities, towns and sections from Santa Barbara all
the way down the Coast, viz: Los Angeles, Pas-
adena, the San Gabriel Valley, South Pasadena, Al-
hambra, San Gabriel, Sierra Madre, Monrovia,
Azusa, Duarte, Glendora, Pomona, Ontario, Cuc-
amonga, San Bernardino, Colton, Riverside, Redlands,
Whittier, Long Beach, San Pedro, Redondo, Santa
Monica, Santa Ana, Anaheim, Orange, Tustin,
Hemet, Elsinore, Beaumont, Banning and Palmdale.
- Pasadena and Environs. 34
Another sketch of the "Crown of the Valley." The
Regular news budget. Advertisements.

PRICES OF THE ANNUAL:

(U. S. Postage 3 cents.)

WITHOUT POSTAGE—Single copies, at the counter
or news-stands, 5 cents; 10 copies, 50 cents; 20 copies,
\$1.00.

BY MAIL, POSTAGE PAID—Single copies, 8 cents;
2 copies, 15 cents; 4 copies, 30 cents; 6 copies, 45 cents;
10 copies, 75 cents. Purchasers make a small saving
by having their papers mailed, postpaid, from this office.
Plainly written lists of names and addresses may be
sent us and the papers will be mailed to any point de-
sired, with the name of the sender also on the wrapper,
if requested.

THE TIMES-MIRROR CO.,

TIMES BUILDING, LOS ANGELES.